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Commander
C. E. F. Cunninghame Graham,
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Sons 1st

No. 1575
A.G. Ross Major General
Malvern 4 Oct. 1897

Charles E. F. Cunningham Graham
60 Warwick Square
S.W.

April 1911.

3/-

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life of Duncan

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# SERVICES AND ANECDOTES

OF

# A TAR OF THE LAST WAR.

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J.R.Jobbins.

"Sir, for heavens sake do not throw me to the sharks while I am alive."
P. 17.

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# A TAR OF THE LAST WAR:

BEING

## The Services and Anecdotes

OF

## SIR CHARLES RICHARDSON, K.C.B.,

**Vice-Admiral of the White.**

BY THE REV. C. E. ARMSTRONG, M.A.,
WOR. COLL. OXFORD, AND MASTER OF HEMSWORTH HOSPITAL, YORKSHIRE.

. . . . . "nautœque per omne
Audaces mare qui currunt, hac mente laborem
Sese ferre, senes ut in otia tuta recedant
Aiunt, cum sibi sint congesta cibaria."—HORACE.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMANS,
PATERNOSTER ROW.
1855.

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WAKEFIELD:
CHARLES HICKS, PRINTER, MARKET-PLACE.

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THIS IMPERFECT ATTEMPT TO DESCRIBE

THE NAVAL SERVICES AND RECALL THE ANIMATED ANECDOTES

OF A MUTUAL FRIEND,

Is respectfully Dedicated

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR CHARLES WOOD, BART.,

First Lord of the Admiralty,

BY THE AUTHOR.

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# PREFACE.

I WAS intimately acquainted with the subject of these memoirs from childhood, and my near relationship to him caused me to take a great interest in every event of his life. In 1832 it was my good fortune to obtain a professional appointment in Yorkshire, and from that period, to within a few days before his decease, I had the pleasure of constantly associating with Admiral Sir Charles Richardson. In 1846 he was required by the Admiralty to furnish the dates of his various commissions and a brief account of his naval services. On that occasion Sir Charles requested me to assist him in filling up and preparing the necessary document. This of course led to many details, and gave me the foundation for collecting together the materials for this work. I had the names of the various ships and the dates of entry

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and discharge ; then came the services performed in each vessel ; and, having got thus far, it was easy to arrange a little store of anecdotes collected by me at different periods. The admiral's views of the statesmen, heroes, and incompetent commanders, who figured on the stage of life from 1787 to 1822, have formed the subject of many a pleasant evening, and his own words and opinions have been incorporated in my writing without any distinguishing marks or observations. The accounts of the different actions by sea and land will be found to agree with the descriptions of the best authors, and no names have been used nor charges made that do not already exist in print.

The reader, while admiring the devoted bravery of our officers, soldiers, and sailors, will view with indignation the intrigues and abuse of patronage that placed them so often under incompetent generals and admirals. The French rulers have never been guilty of such conduct towards their men, nor the Americans, or even the most savage nations ; but England is the only country that can be pointed out, in the pages of modern history, where every defeat may generally be traced to the wilful appointment of bad commanders.

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The alarmists about an invasion should consider that this country has now innumerable resources and means of defence which did not exist when Napoleon was dreaded. Railways weave a network round and through the island, by which troops can thread their way to any point before twenty thousand men and their artillery could be landed. Besides, where one volunteer was found before, fifty souls, ready to die for their country, would start up now; and Scotland and even Ireland could furnish thousands, where formerly only hundreds were raised. And with us at home, the unanimous shout of "Saint George and merry old England!" would ring through the hall, the cottage, and the palace, pealing the death-knell of every foeman that set foot on Britannia's virgin soil.

C. E. A.

HEMSWORTH, NEAR PONTEFRACT,
*June*, 1854.

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# A TAR OF THE LAST WAR.

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A.D. 1787 TO 1793.

IN this endeavour to pourtray the eventful times and stirring life of a brave sailor, I will not tax the patience of my readers by a record of alternate infant showers and sunbeams, nor the success or failure of the pedagogue's administrations and admonitions; but I shall at once introduce my middy, with his traps, and twenty guineas in his pocket, stepping, with a light heart and laughing blue eye, on board a frigate at Spithead. It was on the 23rd of November, 1787, that Charles Richardson joined the Vestal, of 28 guns, and com-



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menced to take no mean part on that eventful stage where Britons were engaged in the most desperate, bloody, and expensive struggle for national honor and freedom that had ever occurred since this island became renowned among nations.

The ship was destined for China; and her commander, Sir Richard Strachan, had been first lieutenant to Richardson's father, when that officer fell, in Admiral Hughes's last action with Suffrein, in 1782. Sir Richard was a strict, hasty, yet kind captain, and soon won the respect, obedience, and admiration of the boy, who, from his readiness and quickness in obeying the wishes and orders of his superiors, promised fair to make a good and active sailor. The good old rule observed in most schools in those days was always held as imperative on board a man-of-war, and every freshman was expected to display his prowess by fighting a boy of his own age. Charles Richardson was soon told that he must pass this ordeal, and engage somebody about his own size; and, on asking the reason, a tall youth of sixteen gave him a smack in the face, and declared "that it was no use shirking." In an instant the speaker received a stunning blow between the eyes, and a challenge to immediate combat, from the sturdy Westmorland lad. The midshipmen cheered, and quickly removed the trunks and other impediments, while the combatants prepared for the struggle. The first half-dozen rounds ended to

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the disadvantage of Richardson, who fell every time beneath the superior strength and weight of his opponent. Still he sprung up again, and was ready at his post when required, until at last his wearied adversary lost his temper at such an unexpected resistance. This was immediately taken advantage of by his hardy and cool foe, who redoubled his efforts as the tide of battle turned in his favor, and, after an hour's fight, Charles Richardson was declared the conqueror.

England being at peace, the government deemed it a favorable opportunity for sending an embassy to China; and the Hon. Colonel Cathcart was appointed ambassador, although he was dangerously ill at the time, and totally unequal to undertake such an important mission. The frigate stopped at the Cape for six weeks, where an immediate supply of fresh provisions, wine, and fruit was procured, and the sick, as well as those who could be spared from the vessel, were permitted to go on shore. The crew suffered severely from scurvy; but in a few weeks every one had recruited his strength, and was again desirous to go to sea.

The middies purchased at the Cape and brought on board a monkey, which had won their hearts from the following ridiculous circumstance:—In the yard of the farm-house in which they lodged, a long pole, with a small box on the top of it, comprised the domain of a monkey. He was kept within the limits of his territory

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by a light chain, having a moveable ring round the pole, while a ring at the other extremity encircled his body. In the same yard dwelt an old hen, with a dozen chickens, and, whenever the food which the middies threw to Jacko fell out of his boundary, the youngsters rushed in and carried it off, notwithstanding the jabbering and threatenings of the monkey. To be thwarted and mocked by such insignificant, half-fledged animals, fostered a spirit of revenge, which only waited a favorable opportunity for a savage retaliation. This soon presented itself, when a handful of broken bread was thrown on the debatable ground, and a silly chick ventured to rush within the well-trodden circle that bounded the extent of Jacko's liberty. In an instant he seized his victim and ran up the pole, notwithstanding the screams and entreaties of its terrified mother. Here he sat in the doorway of his house, with the chicken on his knees, and commenced leisurely plucking the screeching animal, and throwing the feathers down to its anxious parent below. At last, having completely finished his task, he chucked the bird down to its mother, with a wink and grin, which seemed to say, "There, take your brat since you make such a fuss and noise about it!"

Jacko became a source of daily amusement to his young friends, but fell a victim at length to his imitative propensities. A man, who was painting a hen-coop, went to his dinner, and the monkey, which had been

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attentively watching him for some time, slipped down the mast, and proceeded, with the utmost gravity, to finish the job. He had seen the painter put the end of the brush into his mouth while turning the coop, and Jacko, of course, thought that he must do the same. Instead, however, of putting the handle into his mouth, he put the brush itself, full of red lead, and, consequently, swallowed a quantity of deadly poison. When the painter returned the poor monkey was lying down in great agony, and, before night, the pet of the ship was consigned to the deep by the sorrowful middies.

The ambassador rather revived with his rest at the Cape, and was an object of commiseration and attention to all the ship's company, from his amiable and resigned spirit, and his grateful sense of the slightest kindness. Charles Richardson, who had profited by a good classical education, became a great favorite with the sick man, to whom he read during days of bodily weakness, and amused him by his stories of Westmorland characters, pourtrayed in their own native tongue. The colonel promised to appoint him as his aide-de-camp on reaching China; and he lost a kind friend and patron when the ship arrived in the Straits of Banca, where, at midnight, the ambassador was taken ill, and breathed his last in a few hours. Now came an instance of ministerial foresight and prudence. No one on board was commissioned to succeed him in the possibility, or rather certainty, of his

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never reaching the object in view; so the embassy was at an end, and the next day the ship returned to the island of Java, where his excellency was buried with military honors. Every preparation was now made to return; and, after a piece of oak, fashioned and painted white to represent a tombstone, with a Latin inscription, had been erected at the head of the grave, the ship weighed anchor. In a short time the bloody flux broke out, and carried off the men that were seized in a few hours, and the dead were obliged to be immediately consigned to the deep,—the sharks scrambling for them as they sunk, while the sailors, in retaliation, caught the sharks and eat them.

Sir Richard, after putting into Plymouth Sound, returned to Spithead, and the Vestal was soon afterwards dispatched with General Meadows, who had been appointed Governor of Madras, as well as Commander-in-Chief of the forces of that presidency. This general was equally renowned for wit and bravery, possessing, also, a robust constitution and active temperament. Being on a reconnoitering party in the Mysore country, a 24-pound shot struck the ground at some distance from him, and was passing in such a direction as would have exposed him to danger had he continued on his road. Quick as lightning he stopped his horse, and, pulling off his hat very gracefully, as the shot rolled on, good-humouredly said—"I beg you to proceed, sir; I

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never dispute precedence with any gentleman of your family!" At the capture of Nundydroog, a fortress seated on a hill seventeen hundred feet high and accessible only on one side, where it is defended by walls and redoubts, Lord Cornwallis sent General Meadows with a party to make the assault. On approaching, some person remarked that a mine was supposed to be near the breach. The general promptly replied, "That if a mine were really there, it was a mine of gold!" and rushed on, without hesitation, to the attack. He was invariably cheerful even in the heat of an engagement; and his troops are said, on more than one occasion, to have mounted the breach laughing at their general's last joke.

On the 25th of August, 1791, Sir Richard Strachan was appointed to the Phœnix, 36 guns, attached to the squadron, under Commodore Cornwallis, on the East India station. Charles Richardson, now nineteen, went with him, and was employed for several months in boats and the flotilla commanded by Lieutenant White, which was sent up the different rivers to co-operate with the Malabar army under Major-General Robert Abercromby, and proceeded as far as the foot of the ghauts. This was a delightful occupation, for constant visits and daily parties of pleasure were interchanged between the officers of both services. Notwithstanding the vicinity of hostile natives, snakes, wild beasts, and hosts of alligators, the

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blue jackets passed through the jungles and swamps at all times of the day and night with hair-breadth escapes, and reckless of the proximity of a cunning and daring foe, who was, fortunately for them, then engaged with higher game.

Tippoo Saib had commenced war by attacking our confederate, the King of Travencore, in the certainty of its producing a contest. The Sultan, like Julius Cæsar, selected his soldiers only for strength and vigor;—from every tribe and every religion he carried away, as captives, all the robust and well-made boys in the countries ravaged by his armies, and trained them into regular battalions denominated "chela," a term equivalent to adopted brothers. In this manner the Carnatic contributed largely to the formation of that disciplined cavalry and infantry with which Tippoo, dashing his turban to the ground, swore by the prophet, "That he would never rest until he had exterminated the British:" and he displayed no want of courage, perseverance, and talent, in his endeavours to fulfil this desperate resolve.

Leaving his baggage and cannon behind, he, like one of his native tigers, approached the apparently-devoted city of Travencore. The outposts were taken by surprise; and he had nearly surmounted every obstacle, when a chosen body of guards, stationed to protect a narrow pass, checked his progress by the fire of a well-directed six-pounder, loaded with grape-shot. Battalion

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after battalion rushed on to the charge, only to be swept away by the murderous volleys of foes nearly concealed from view, who still kept increasing in strength and artillery, as the fight was prolonged. The Sultan, with impetuous bravery, was conspicous on his white horse, heading every charge,—galloping from rank to rank,—promising, beseeching, and threatening; but all in vain. The dauntless Travenconians drove back the assailants with their destructive fire, and numbers, armed with immense hatchets, hewed down both man and horse as they flew past the guns in their wild career. Tippoo's charger fell under him;—bruised and wounded, the prince barely saved his life, leaving behind his palankeen, jewels, seal, turban, and sword; and fifteen hundred of his best troops lay breathless in their gore.

Regardless of this disaster, he energetically made every preparation to encounter Lord Cornwallis, who, on the 5th of March, 1791, arrived before Bangalore. As the English general approached, the Sultan's numerous and well-equipped horse hovered on his skirts, watching every opportunity to cut off his baggage. The engineers were employed in reconnoitering the place, escorted by Lieut.-Col. Floyd with the whole cavalry. This officer discovered, as he thought, the rear of Tippoo's line in great confusion, and, unfortunately, suffered himself to be tempted by the flattering prospect of striking an important blow, to deviate from the orders he had received

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not to attack the enemy. His success at first seemed certain, as the foe feigned flight; but when the British squadrons were thrown into confusion by the ardour of the pursuit, and beyond reach of support, they were charged in their turn, and driven back by Tippoo's cavalry, leaving two hundred of their comrades victims to their leader's bad judgment and disobedience.

To remove the gloom and impression made by this untoward event, Lord Cornwallis determined immediately to attack the place. The town was stormed by the Europeans and Bengal sepoys under General Meadows, and the siege of the fort was successfully terminated by a desperate assault on the 21st of April. Bahadar Khan, the Mogul governor, fell honorably on the breach, having his body covered with wounds and his long white beard matted with gore. When Tippoo was offered his corpse for decent burial, he declared that the khan could be nowhere more appropriately buried than in the spot on which he bravely fell. In the garrison which they got possession of was found upwards of one hundred serviceable pieces of cannon, and an immense quantity of military stores. Lord Cornwallis, after a pursuit of considerable length, could not bring Tippoo to an action, or gain any further advantage over his watchful foe. He, therefore, proceeded to reduce the hill forts and other secondary posts, to give time for General Robert Abercromby's force to join him.

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This army, which had been reinforced by some fresh battalions, and now amounted to ten thousand men, was accompanied, as we have seen, by a flotilla of armed boats. With infinite labor and unwearied perseverance this body, assisted by the rajah of the Coorgas, and five thousand of his fighting men, had levelled hills, filled up valleys, and made firm roads through the morasses for the conveyance of their heavy guns, which were released, when they stuck fast in the soft ground, by the assistance of elephants.

The rajah had brought a number of these sagacious animals, and there was one whose keeper had been at times particularly neglectful of him, and who had frequently pilfered from his food on the line of march. Upon every such occasion the elephant discovered evident signs of anger and resentment, as if he was neither insensible to the negligence nor ignorant of the malpractices of his keeper; but, as the noble-minded animal continued only to menace, the fellow became less mindful of him, until at length he wholly disregarded the frequency of his threats. One morning the cattle were ordered to be mustered for review, and when the commanding officer, in going along the line, passed in front of this elephant, the animal roared out as if to attract his attention. When he perceived that the eye of the general was directed towards him, immediately the ill-used beast laid hold of the keeper with his proboscis, put him under

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his foot, and instantly crushed him to death. The avenger of his own wrongs then fell on his knees, and salamed the inspecting officer for pardon. The singularity of this act caused an immediate inquiry, when it appeared evident that the elephant had, contrary to his natural disposition, been forced to inflict that punishment upon his dishonest keeper.

A contrast to this tragical circumstance was shown in the conduct of another elephant that received kind treatment from his keeper. The attachment between man and beast was so great, that whenever the former went to his dinner, he always left a little ugly black infant under the care of the latter, who watched the child with the greatest tenderness, and prevented it crawling out of sight. One day the elephant was superintending his charge in a spot where some young trees tempted him to browse, and while doing so the swarthy young imp rolled into a puddle of yellow clay. The elephant heard a scream, and saw the scrape he had got into by neglecting his trust; he, therefore, immediately took measures not to be found out by his kind master. Going down to a stream he charged his mouth with clear water, and taking up the squalling blackey with his trunk, on a level with his eyes, he turned him on one side, and sluiced his dirty skin all over with a deluge of water. Then turning the child round, he performed a similar operation on the other side, cleansing away, with

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copious showers, every speck of mud. When the parents returned, the elephant had just placed the infant in the sun to dry, and looked as grave and attentive over his charge as if nothing had occurred.

The advance of Abercromby did not escape the Sultan, who was informed, by his active spies, of the little caution evinced by the British commander to guard against surprise. The army was encamped about two miles from the river, on the edge of a dense forest, and most of the naval officers had come on shore to pay a parting visit to their military friends before the flotilla (which was no longer needed) returned to the ships. After a merry and pleasant day, Richardson and a number of blue jackets were leisurely picking their way through the forest, feeling as safe as if in England. They had proceeded about a mile, when they were startled by the most terrific yells and the thundering of horses' feet, drowned soon by the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry. Guessing the truth, they dashed through the densest jungle, tearing their uniforms into shivers, and, in their haste to reach the boats by the nearest way, they inadvertently entered a reedy swamp, always hitherto avoided as the reputed haunt of crocodiles. Charles Richardson, while selecting the firmest ground for crossing, sprung with one foot upon what appeared to be the trunk of a tree. Suddenly it glided from under him, with a terrific sound, and he saw an enormous alligator turning

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round upon him, with fiery eyes and open jaws; but, before the unwieldy monster could seize his intended prey, the active young sailor bounded forward on the wings of fear and self-preservation, and soon placed himself far beyond the reach of his pursuer. In a short time the whole party reached the flotilla in safety, and were very glad to find it unmolested by the enemy.

Ten thousand of Tippoo's cavalry, and a large body of infantry, had made a desperate charge upon the unprepared allied army, and, fortunately for Abercromby, the foe fell first upon the rajah's forces. The men were quiet at their quarters, and most of them had retired to rest, when the weak pickets were swept away in a moment, and great slaughter was committed before the Europeans got under arms and into formation. The night was so dark that the guns, vaguely guided by the flashes of musketry, sent their shot at random through the fight, smashing nearly as many of their own people as they struck those on the opposite side. The woods were filled with fugitives, many of whom made their way to the boats, which, now removed for action at a short distance from the shore, awaited the progress of events. The appeals for protection from their friends and countrymen (who imagined the sabres of Tippoo were at their heels) were listened to by the tender-hearted sailors, who, after cramming their craft to suffocation, dropped down the river a mile or two. In the mean-

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while the attack was repulsed, but the British general deemed it prudent to retreat to a safer position, and remain there until he had collected his scattered army. He then marched to Periapatam, a fort at the top of the passes of the ghauts, and waited for orders of co-operation from Lord Cornwallis. The force comprising the flotilla returned to their ships, and Richardson just came in time for his first introduction to Gallic gunpowder.

During the prevalence of hostilities between the East India Company and Tippoo Saib, in 1791, the principal assistance which (owing to the inland nature of the campaign) the British navy could render, was to watch the port of Mangalore, on the Malabar coast, and prevent the French throwing in supplies for the enemy. In the beginning of November, while Commodore Cornwallis, who had his broad pendant on board the Minerva, and was accompanied by the Phœnix, 36, lay at anchor in the road of Tellicherry, the frigate Resolue, 46, got under weigh from Mahe, a French factory about seven miles to the southward, and, in company with two country coasting vessels, steered towards Mangalore. As soon as the frigate and her small craft arrived abreast of Tellicherry, the British commodore detached the Phœnix to search the vessels for contraband stores of war. Ready cleared for action, Sir Richard Strachan ran her alongside the Resolue, and informed the captain of the nature of his orders and his determination to

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execute them. The Frenchman objected; upon which the British commander dispatched a boat, with an officer, to board the two vessels which had brought to, having nothing to fear. This put their protector's blood up, and he resented it immediately by firing at the boat and pouring a broadside into the Phœnix, which compliment the latter repaid with interest, as the men were ready and steady at their guns, well knowing what the result would be.

Richardson felt, for the only time in his life, a slight tremor creeping over his frame, at the crash of the shot striking and the flying of splinters. But it fled in a moment, and a sensation of joy, and even happiness, thrilled through every vein, when he called to mind and gazed upon Fort St. George, within sight of the engagement: for there reposed the remains of that parent who bled on the same waters which then bore up the Phœnix, and whose closing words to his child, on their last parting, were,—"Remember, Charley, if ever you are a coward or tell a lie, I will neither forgive you in this world nor in the next." Firm became the young sailor's brow and step as he recalled this scene. The voice, so silent beneath its marble tablet on the opposite shore, seemed, in imagination, to urge him on to do his duty, whilst Frenchman and Briton contended, with dauntless heart, for the honor of their respective frigates. In fifteen minutes upwards

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of fifty killed and wounded on board the Resolue evinced the destructive fire of the Phœnix; the latter, however, had suffered severely, and the dead on both sides were hurled overboard, a prey to the numerous sharks that swam around.

A cannon-ball struck the knees of a fine young man at one of the guns, doubling him up and driving his body some distance. His comrades hastily threw a piece of sail over his shattered limbs, and left the apparent corpse on deck. This act caught the ever-watchful eye of Sir Richard Strachan, who, with sundry expletives then more in use than in the present day, shouted, in a voice of thunder,—"Mr. Richardson! Sir, mind your duty, and throw the dead man overboard!" Slowly was the sail raised for this purpose, when the tar, who weltered in a pool of gore, faintly uttered, "Spare me, sir; for heaven's sake, do not throw me to the sharks while I am alive!"—for the poor fellow had seen, from his station, but a few minutes before, the fate of his slain messmates as they were torn to pieces on reaching the waves. With joyful heart the young officer ordered the wounded man to be carefully conveyed below; and, ere another victim fell, the Frenchman struck his colors, having sustained a loss of twenty-five killed and forty wounded. The Phœnix numbered six dead and eleven wounded; and the seaman just mentioned recovered, after the amputation of both legs, and lived, a pensioner, to an old age.



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Having removed the obstacle that had prevented his first purpose, Sir Richard proceeded to examine the vessels which had caused the contest, but, on searching them, nothing contraband was found. Thus thirty-one men had been killed and fifty-one wounded, from a spirit of pride and false sense of honor on the part of the French captain, and the imperative tone assumed by the orders of Commodore Cornwallis. As it was now evident there was no real cause for capturing the Resolue, the British conqueror bade her depart in peace, as there was nothing to justify further detention. This the other commander steadily refused, and he declined to continue in charge of his surrendered ship, insisting upon her being taken possession of as a prize. Sir Richard politely denied this request, but towed her, in a shattered state, into Tellicherry roads, from whence she was afterwards sent to the French settlement at Mahe. This attack, in time of peace between the two nations, caused considerable commotion in France; but matters were there in so disturbed a state, that the transaction did not bring about those serious consequences which, in more settled times, it would have certainly produced.

Three months after this engagement the British army appeared before Tippoo Saib's capital, and a junction was effected between Abercromby and the commander-in-chief. The sun was just setting when the victorious

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English, pursuing the flying Mysoreans, first beheld Seringapatam, rising upon an island in all the splendor of Asiatic magnificence, decorated with sumptuous buildings, encircled by the most beautiful gardens, and defended by strong fortifications. The grand object of the war now appeared within grasp, and, on the 7th of February, 1792, Lord Cornwallis led the troops, towards midnight, to the attack. Seringapatam has two sides washed by the river, while the third is joined to the country. On this the fortifications are the strongest, and the British general, instead of directing his main attack from the island, resolved to make his assault across the river.

The Sultan's lines were soon forced, and carried at every point; and, although the bloody scene was illumined by a full moon, yet the difficulties and dangers to be surmounted were very unfavorable to our men. The scattered, desperate bodies of rallying enemies,—the impediments of walls, trenches, and, above all, the rocky and slippery Cavery, which was fordable only in a few places,—rendered such a battle by night full of danger and uncertainty. Here was to be seen Captain Monson, with seven companies, up to their waists in the rapid stream, aiming the deadly bullet;—there the Highlanders piercing with the bayonet, felling with the butt-end of the musket, and even with the fist, their adversaries, that floated down against the rocks. Colonel

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Baird was conspicuous pressing the fugitives, who, to shun the threatened steel, crowded by thousands into the unfordable part of the river, trusting to their dexterity in swimming, or to their high-mettled chargers, which they held by the mane. In one place the active and unscathed, whom the bullet had hitherto spared, bounded madly from rock to rock, or hopelessly encountered the pursuers as the last alternative. Tippoo perceiving his citadel closely invested, and defeated on every side, listened with reluctance to the councils of his divan, who saw no safety but from an unconditional surrender. Immense quantities of stores, arms, standards, and eighty pieces of cannon, graced this complete victory, and the Sultan lost twenty thousand men.

Amongst the captives was Tippoo's favorite elephant, which had been badly wounded in several engagements with the English. In one of these battles a surgeon was made prisoner of war; and, as the art of surgery was imperfectly known in the dominions of the Sultan, this was thought an invaluable capture, and the man was employed and liberally paid for his services. Tippoo at length told his captive that his favorite elephant was badly wounded, and that he must attend to the recovery of this formidable patient. The Englishman remonstrated against the peril of this practice; but the reply of the monarch was short and conclusive: "His head should answer for the neglect of his majesty's com-

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mand!" The Sultan attended the three or four first visits of the surgeon to the four-footed patient, and, while the ball was extracting, spoke to the beast in a tone of command. The elephant obeyed his master, and, amidst the groans excited by the pain of the operation, while the tears were streaming from his eyes, offered no symptoms of resistance or of annoyance. After his wounds had received two or three dressings, and the anguish of the pain had abated, the elephant, with the other patients, would visit the surgeon in his tent, and wait for the assistance of the medical man with all the gravity of an intelligent being.

The Phœnix now returned to England, and, on the 28th of December, 1793, Richardson, with very great regret, bid farewell to his kind captain, Sir Richard Strachan, and joined the Alexander, 74 (Captain West), at Chatham. Unfortunately he met with a commander the very reverse of the friend he had left; for Captain West was one of a race of useless men that infested at that time the navy and army. Of high connections, and with relatives possessing great parliamentary interest, he had been pushed up rapidly to the command of a seventy-four before he had seen a shot fired. He took an immediate dislike to Richardson, whom he considered as forced upon him to the exclusion of his own friends; and he made no scruple of telling the officers that he meant to get rid of him, by some device, in order to

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make room for a nephew. A slight quarrel took place in the midshipmen's berth, over a game of cards, when one of the party taunted the new comer with the assurance that he was to be degraded a step in order to give place to the captain's relative.

This aroused the pride of young Richardson, and he instantly repaired to Captain West, who coolly assured him that it was the case; and used such ungentlemanly and exasperating language, that the indignant middy, careless of the consequences to his future prospects, demanded his discharge, which was given with glee, as the insult was intended to bring about this issue. Richardson hailed a boat, and gave the man a guinea to put him on board the admiral's ship. There justice balanced her scales equally. He told his tale of ill-treatment, and referred to his former gallant commander, who warmly espoused his cause. Sir Alexander Hood, after sifting the affair to the bottom, made the injured youth midshipman and master's mate of his own ship, the Royal George, 100.

The Alexander was ordered to Plymouth, and Captain West was superseded, and never employed afterwards in the royal navy. Subsequently his ship was captured by the enemy, when all on board, including the late captain's nephew, were taken into Brest, where they lingered seven years in prison. It was during Robespierre's reign of terror, and the crew, officers, and

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marines on board were thrust into a large square vault, or cellar, where they found other prisoners, male and female, who had been seized while travelling in France. Here the sailors, never at a loss in a strait, gave a striking proof of their gallantry and ingenuity. As there was only one room for all purposes, the ladies and sailors' wives could not dress or wash comfortably, notwithstanding every wish to afford them privacy. The tars hit on this expedient: Jack brought a large tub of water into the female part of the room, and, placing it down, the women ranged themselves, with their faces outwards, in a semicircle around the washing department, while one at a time entered the protected ground and performed her ablutions. During this the men made the same circle in their part, and did likewise. Richardson's late coxswain (John Norton) and his wife were among the captives, and the latter attached herself, as lady's-maid, to a Miss S——, who had been seized while travelling, and was cousin to Mr. West. He, being a handsome, gentlemanly young man, soon gained the affections of the lady; and a cellar engagement was made between them, for fetters for life, so soon as they were released from their present unromantic quarters.

At last Robespierre met his well-merited end, and an order came, but it was only to release the women, one hundred and fifty in number. The lovers were in despair, as the separation was to take place in the

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morning; and Miss S—— sobbed out her grief to her honest maid, who comforted her with a gleam of hope, and called in the aid of her husband. Norton, on hearing the tidings, looked very grave himself, took his pipe out of his mouth, mused for a few minutes, and then, slapping his thigh, stood erect, and grinned from ear to ear—first at his wife and then at the young lady, who immediately felt a ray of hope. "John," she exclaimed, in agony, "save him, and you shall no longer be a poor sailor. I have rich and powerful relations, who will make you a lieutenant, and a captain in time, if you help him to escape." "What I say," answered the blunt tar, "is as much for my sake as yours. I fear not the cannon's mouth or a prison, but I dread parting with my wife; so she shall put on your smoothfaced sweetheart's clothes, and he must be dressed in hers; and then, miss, none of us need be parted." This proposal was immediately adopted. Jack's wife put on the uniform, and the changeling passed muster in the crowd of women, who gathered close round him; and, after many adventures and escapes, he got safe to England with his cousin. When there they did not forget their friends at Brest, but, by dint of interest, got Norton and his wife exchanged; and the coxswain was made a midshipman, and rose to the rank of commander, when he was killed in action.

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## CHAPTER II.

Lord Hood at Toulon—Cowardice and Treachery of the Spaniards—The Duke of York's First Unsuccessful Campaign in Holland—Bravery of the Coldstream Guards—The splendid Retreat of Abercromby—The Doomed Midshipman and his Death—The Glorious First of June—Deadly Fight between the Brunswick, 74, and the Vengeur, 74—Eight British Captains show the white feather—Norman method of punishment for Cowardly Officers—Richardson become Lieutenant of the Circe, 28—He saves the Life of a Painter.

A.D. 1793 TO 1794.

THE necessity, on the part of England, for dispatching squadrons to the stations at a distance from home, occasioned some delay before a British fleet could be got ready of sufficient strength to cope with the French in Quiberon Bay. On the 14th of July, 1793, Lord Howe, with the channel fleet, consisting of fifteen ships of the line, besides frigates and sloops, set sail from St. Helens, and cruised about until the middle of December, in hopes of bringing on an engagement. The French, however, kept safe in harbour; and, when the admiral returned to Spithead, the nation grumbled very much because the rival fleets had not met.

When France commenced hostilities, a powerful fleet

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was assembled at Toulon, and it became necessary that an English force should be dispatched, without delay, to the Mediterranean. In the middle of August, Vice-Admiral Lord Hood arrived before Toulon. The enemy's squadron was commanded by Admiral de Trogoff, who was secretly a Bourbonist, and, after a little coquetting, he offered to betray his ships to England. His lordship eagerly entered into terms with the royalist knave, and succeeded, without a blow, in getting possession of the republican fleet. The harbour and town were included in this disgraceful intrigue, which, like all dishonest actions, only ended in defeat and disappointment.

A powerful French army, burning to punish the traitors, besieged Toulon, and the artillery was commanded by Napoleon Bonaparte, the greatest general and statesman that France ever produced. Lord Hood was assisted by a badly-manned Spanish fleet and a large force of useless, cowardly Neapolitan and Spanish soldiers, who only impeded his measures and ran away when placed under fire. However, it was supposed that thirteen thousand allies would maintain the port against any besieging force; and Pitt, always bent on employing foreign subsidies with British money, could not allow the possibility of a defeat. No sooner were these vapouring mercenaries put to the test, than it was found they dare not make head against a single French regiment; and the whole resistance and defence of very

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extensive lines fell upon two thousand British soldiers and seamen. While the English were fighting, the Neapolitans and Spaniards entered into a secret treaty with the foe, and prevented the British admiral, when he evacuated Toulon, from destroying the republican fleet. They claimed a part of it as their share, and then, as previously agreed upon, they left what they had promised to destroy to the advancing enemy. Thus twenty-five ships of different sizes escaped destruction by treachery,—and the same engine was employed by Lord Hood's friends against himself, as he had persuaded the French admiral to employ against his own countrymen.

This year was memorable for a far greater disaster by land than any disappointment by sea. The court of St. James, having declared an alliance with the Dutch, early in March, 1793, three thousand of the Foot Guards, together with other regiments, and a large force of Hanoverians and Hessians in our pay, were sent to Holland under the command of the Duke of York. On the 8th of May, in conjunction with the Prussians, he engaged the French in a strong post, contrary to the advice of older and more experienced officers. The Coldstream battalion of the Guards were ordered to penetrate, in the midst of a general fire from the front, the wood of St. Amaud, where General Dampierre had constructed several strong batteries and

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posted ten thousand of his best men. These gallant fellows, regardless of being outnumbered, rushed, after one discharge of musketry, upon their antagonists with fixed bayonets. Some guns, wheeled from a battery, opened with grape upon their flank, and would soon have annihilated the whole line, had not their commander, with uncommon presence of mind, ordered the drums to beat to arms as a deception to the French, and, at the same time, given private directions for a retreat.

Here the wounded soldiers evinced the same courage which the battalions had displayed in St. James's Park, when those who were disposed to act as volunteers on the continent being commanded to step out of the ranks, all moved forward as a man. Despising the pain from their bleeding wounds, they fought while breath remained, and loaded and fired on their knees when shot in the legs. One man, in particular, continued firing in this posture as long as he could draw a trigger, and singing "God save the King!" until he sunk backwards, exhausted by the loss of blood from three fatal wounds. After this affair, the Duke of York went on committing blunder upon blunder, until his return to England, in 1794. He left the remnant of his army to a foreign commander-in-chief, who, to spare his own soldiers, always placed the deserted British wherever the danger was the greatest. They

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had, therefore, nearly all the fighting, while resisting, step by step, seventy thousand pursuing French, in the most inclement season, without tents and often without food.

To General Sir Ralph Abercromby, who conducted the British forces during this retreat, every praise is due for his bravery and vigilance under the most trying difficulties. The partial thaw only served to aggravate the misery of the wretched victims. The scene is thus described by an eye-witness:—"Near a cart, on the common, we perceived a stout-looking soldier and a young woman, with an infant about seven months old at her breast—all three frozen dead. The mother had expired in the act of nursing her child, and the infant seemed as if its lips had just been disengaged as it reposed upon its parent's bosom. Their countenances were perfectly composed and fresh, resembling those of persons in a sound and tranquil slumber. About fifty yards in advance was a dead serjeant, with a bundle of linen clothes and a few biscuits, evidently belonging to the poor woman and child. A little further was a lean horse lying on its side, but not quite dead, with a couple of panniers on his back, one of which contained the body of another child about two years old, wrapped up in flannel and straw."

Great numbers of sick were left behind, and the line of retreat was marked by the bodies of frozen men,

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women, children, and the carcases of horses. Still, under Abercromby, no one talked of or thought about surrendering. The rear was continually harassed by the advanced parties of the French, who paid dearly for their temerity; and the British, deserted by their allies, and reduced from thirteen to six thousand, reached at last Bremen and embarked for England. The Dutch, for whom they had been fighting, were secretly favorable to the French; and our other ally, the King of Prussia, after receiving a large advance from the ministry by way of subsidy, no sooner obtained the money than he abandoned the alliance. The people of England, fortunately, were so much elated by a previous event which had regained the sovereignty of the sea, that little attention was directed to this disastrous expedition.

In the month of May, 1794, the Brest fleet was compelled to put to sea for the express purpose of protecting a large number of vessels freighted with corn. The pressure of want throughout France was so great, that it determined to risk an action rather than be exposed to a famine. On the 19th of May, Earl Howe, having obtained certain intelligence that the enemy had some days before put to sea, and were then not many leagues from him, went immediately in pursuit. On the 28th the French were discovered, who, on perceiving the British, bore down and began to form in order of battle.

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The English admiral made the signal to engage the enemy, and, towards evening, Admiral Pasley, in the Bellerophon, 74, closed with the rear ship, the Revolutionnaire, 110, on which he commenced a resolute attack. The Bellerophon, being disabled, bore down to the main body of the fleet, and her opponent, having her mizen-mast shot away, fell to leeward of her station. While in this state she was intercepted by the Leviathan, 74, who engaged her until the coming up of a friendly ship of the same amount of guns, then passed on and fired a broadside into the next French ship. Captain Parker, of the Audacious, 74, continued to engage his huge opponent, for two hours, without interruption, when the Revolutionnaire, having lost her lower yards and main-topsail, and being otherwise much shattered, fell athwart the Audacious. The ships getting clear of each other, the enemy put before the wind, and it was not in the power of the gallant Parker to follow her, since his rigging and sails were cut to pieces, and the ship for some hours became unmanageable. At daylight nine large ships gave chase to the Audacious, and her situation seemed hopeless; but, by the great exertions of the officers and men, she was capable of making such sail as to preserve a distance and join her friends.

Lord Howe, in order to make some impression on the enemy's rear, directed the Cæsar, 80 (Captain A.

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Molloy), and the ten following ships, to tack and engage; but, as the distance lessened, the Cæsar, making the signal of inability to tack, kept off from the enemy, instead of towards him. Richardson's ship, the Royal George, 100, came next, and tacking, together with the Invincible, succeeded in bringing to action the two rearmost French ships. Lord Howe, seeing that Captain Molloy's cowardice might defeat his intended manœuvre, resolved himself to break the French line. Receiving their whole fire he forced it, but could not bring on a general engagement, as he was only followed by the Bellerophon and Leviathan. All the other English ships hung back except the Royal George and the Invincible, who were hard at work hammering at their opponents. The French admiral, on his line being broke, was in the very act of abandoning his rearmost ships, when the hesitation to follow their admiral, on the part of so many commanders, encouraged Villaret Joyeuse to wear round and attempt their recovery, a plan in which he succeeded. About five P.M. the firing was suspended as if by mutual consent, and each fleet busied itself in repairing the damages occasioned by this partial fight. The Royal George had a long contest with the Tyrannicide, and also received the fire of another ship, suffering severely in her masts, and having a lieutenant, midshipman, and fifteen men killed, with twenty-three men and officers wounded.

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The night before this action the midshipmen, expecting an engagement the next morning, were speculating on their mess being diminished before twenty-four hours elapsed. Richardson being the only one present with any experience, was catechised closely as to the stirring events during a fight. He had a great friend, who sat by him listening to the capture of the Resolue, a handsome, aristocratic youngster of eighteen, the only child of his mother, and she was a widow. From the day of his entering the ship, he had constantly prophesied that he should fall in the very first battle. So certain he felt of this, that, drawing the speaker aside when his tale was told, he gave him a letter for his mother, and written directions as to the disposal of his books and trifles amongst his companions, with whom he was a great and worthy favorite. During the fight, Richardson kept casting an anxious glance at his friend's quarters, where he was ably acquitting himself, being full of spirit and ardour, and animated with the exciting contest. The second hour had passed away; the action was suspended, and the combatants were slowly parting: "Well, my dear fellow," shouted Richardson, "it is all over now, and you are a false prophet this time!" The other answered by a nod and smile, when "bang!" resounded from a distant vessel. The last shot fired struck the Royal George, and the headless body of the middy lay spurting his



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blood over the deck. The head was driven into a balk of wood opposite, and there it stuck with the smile cruel fate had not given it time to part with; and the long pigtail, then worn by all, quivered to and fro by the action of still living muscles at the back of the unfortunate youth's skull.

For two days the thick, foggy weather prevented any operations on either side; but, on the 1st of June, the French fleet were descried, consisting of twenty-six line-of-battle ships, mounting 2,158 guns, six frigates and corvettes. The force under Lord Howe was at this time composed of twenty-five ships of the line, mounting 2,098 guns, seven frigates, and one fire-ship. As in the previous skirmish, neither party could claim the victory, and a great reluctance for close engagement had been manifested by many of the British commanders. The French no longer dreaded a battle, as they had seen that Lord Howe could not rely on some of his ships. The British fleet being in a situation to bring the enemy to close action, advanced, at eight in the morning, in a firm, compact line, and was received with determined resolution.

The signal was made for each ship to engage her opponent in the enemy's line; and the admiral, wishing the Cæsar to wipe off her former disgrace, ordered Captain Molloy to lead the van, and engage at close quarters the ship opposed to him. But no sooner did

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the French open a distant fire, than, in spite of the indignant remonstrances of his officers, the Cæsar, when within fighting distance, was observed with her topsails aback, evidently avoiding the collision. Lord Howe, in the Queen Charlotte, 110, made a dash for the French admiral, in the Montagne, 120, and, passing close to her, poured a crashing and deadly broadside into her stern. His lordship then commenced firing his larboard guns at the starboard quarter of the Montagne, while he discharged his opposite ones into the stern of the Jacobin, 80, lying close by nearly becalmed. The Defence, 74 (Captain Gambier), was the first vessel that cut through the enemy's line. She had successively three or four ships engaging her, the men being, from the first, divided at their quarters to fight both sides at once. Her masts were all shot away; the main-mast fell, and the whole of the quarter-deck and fore-castle guns were rendered useless.

The Royal George, in which Richardson was mid-shipman, having repaired her masts and sails during the two days' cessation from fighting, was second to none in readiness to renew the combat. In bearing down, she opened her fire upon the Sanspareil, 80, and the Republican, 110, and in a short time, placed between these two, was in hot action with both, the shot of the Frenchmen frequently striking each other. The Glory, 98, coming to Admiral Hood's assistance,

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engaged one of his foes; and, after some time, the fore and mizen masts of the Sanspareil fell under the heavy and steady fire of the Royal George. This ship, in her turn, lost her foremast and main and mizen topmasts; and her wheel was rendered useless, the tiller ropes being shot away, so that she could not take possession of her opponent, who ceased firing and dropped astern, unable to escape. The Royal George had twenty dead and seventy-two wounded; but her opponent had paid dearly for the injury inflicted, by having one hundred and sixty killed and one hundred and twenty wounded.

Captain Harvey, of the Brunswick, 74, ran so close to the Vengeur, 74, that his three starboard anchors hooked on the enemy's foreshrouds, and both ships were locked together. On the master (Mr. Stewart) asking if he should cut the ship clear of the Vengeur, "No," replied his gallant chief; "we have got her and we will keep her!" The ships and crews being nearly equal, a deadly conflict arose. The Vengeur's rifles and her 36-pounder poop-carronades, loaded with old nails and pieces of iron, played havoc on the Brunswick's poop and quarter-deck, killing the captain of marines and several men, and wounding Captain Harvey himself. The injury was not so severe as to oblige this officer to go below, the wound being from a musket, and tearing away three of the fingers from

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his right hand. On the part of the Brunswick, her two principal decks told with deadly effect, as the combatants were fast locked. The seamen, profiting by the rolling of the Vengeur, depressed the muzzles of the guns, each of which was loaded with two round shot; they then pointed the muzzles upwards, thus alternately firing into their opponent's bottom and ripping up her decks. During this deliberate slaughter, Captain Harvey was knocked down by a splinter, but was presently on his legs again, cheering his men, although dangerously wounded. Soon afterwards, part of a double-headed shot which had split struck his right arm, hurling him down; and the intrepid hero, covered with blood, was compelled to be carried below. But, before that, he firmly and calmly addressed his crew in these emphatic terms:—"Persevere, my brave lads, in your duty! Fight for the honor of your king and country, and remember my last words—The colors of the Brunswick shall never be struck!"

The men fought with redoubled fury on witnessing the death-wound of their beloved commander. A well-directed shot split their opponent's rudder, shattered her stern-post, and made a large hole in her counter, through which the water poured. The Vengeur was still loath to lower her flag, although she rolled with her ports in the water, and the lids of most of those on the larboard side had been torn off and shot away

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in the side-by-side conflict for three hours. At length she filled so fast as to be obliged to display an union jack over her quarter in token of submission and a desire for assistance. Instantly the Brunswick was as ready to save life, as it was eager the minute before to take it away; but could give no aid, having all her boats shattered or lost. Fortunately three English cutters approaching lowered their boats, and saved upwards of two hundred persons; but the wounded and numbers of the crew could not be removed in time, and went down in the rapidly-sinking vessel. Four officers, including the heroic captain, and forty-one men, fell on board the Brunswick, and many hundreds of their opponents perished in one way or another.

Admiral Villaret, seeing the day lost, and being vigorously attacked by the Queen Charlotte, crowded all sail he could, and got away from Lord Howe, accompanied by the ships in his van capable of following. The English admiral's vessel having lost her foretopmast and main-topmast, as well as from the damage in her rigging and lower yards, became unmanageable and could not pursue. Nevertheless, she made herself useful, in her crippled state, by pouring her broadsides into the ribs of the Juste, 80, which was maintaining a distant contest with one of the British skulkers. The French admiral only shook away one opponent to meet with another equally determined; for Admiral

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Gardner, who had been doing good service in the Queen, 93, intercepted the fugitive, and a sharp engagement ensued, although the British ship was already much disabled and crippled. In the meantime, Lord Howe slowly came up with his lost friend, who, not wishing to renew the acquaintance, made a successful retreat, cleverly covering four of his dismantled ships, and escaped with nineteen sail, five of them totally dismasted.

These latter might easily have been secured, and with little danger, by those British ships which had taken no active part in the action, and were in a condition for giving chase. But self-preservation weighed down every feeling of honor in the breasts of their captains, who were a disgrace to the king they served and the country that gave them birth. But, after all, the chief blame rested on the admiralty, for appointing unworthy favorites to such fine and powerful ships as the following: — Barfleur, 98; Gibraltar, 80; Tremendous, 74; Ramillies, 74; Alfred, 74; Majestic, 74; Thunderer, 74; and Culloden, 74. With no thanks from their captain, the Cæsar's officers and crew forced their vessel into action; and fourteen men killed and fifteen wounded shows that the tars wiped away the stain so far as they were concerned. The ships that had showed such an eagerness for close combat (and it must be remembered that this was the

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case with all, excepting the eight defaulters), lay, disabled, around the Queen Charlotte, having suffered, in addition, a heavy loss in killed and wounded. Six French ships were secured—the Sanspareil, 80; Juste, 80; America, 74; Impeteux, 74; Northumberland, 74; Achille, 74. The British had two hundred and ninety killed and eight hundred and sixty wounded; and the total loss of the French, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, was estimated at seven thousand.

This victory was a terrible blow to the French, who dare not renew the contest. Viscount Howe has been censured for inactivity after the 1st of June; but he had no reliance on any of his ships that remained uninjured, for these had been of as much use to him in the battle as the Belgians were to the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo. If all had done their duty, the successful admiral would have completed the greatest naval campaign recorded in history. On the 13th of June, the fleet arrived, with its prizes, amidst the acclamations of the people at Portsmouth. Soon afterwards, the king, queen, and princesses dined on board the admiral's ship, where his majesty held a naval levee for all the officers; and Lord Howe was presented with a sword, enriched with diamonds, a gold chain, and a medal.

The nation called loudly for a court-martial on the recreant commanders; but this was resisted effectively

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by the admiralty, who pretended that such a proceeding would diminish the *eclât* of the victory. As might be expected, the evil consequences of such unjust connivance bore their baneful fruits in the next great naval triumph. Captain Molloy's case was too bad to be entirely passed over; but he was only dismissed from the command of the Cæsar, and escaped the severe punishment his base conduct and cowardice so richly merited. The names of the captains commanding the pusillanimous line-of-battle ships may be found in James's "Naval History," a most valuable and interesting work.

Our Norman forefathers had an excellent law for disgracing cowardly commanders who did not exactly merit death, but had brought a stain upon the national character for bravery. When a general or naval commander surrendered, without a sufficient reason, or evinced a want of courage, he was publicly degraded in the following manner:—The delinquent was armed *cap-à-pie;* he was next mounted on a scaffold, and, as soon as his sentence had been read to him, by which he was declared guilty of a breach of trust, disloyal and cowardly, twelve priests, in full canonicals, began to sing the psalms of "All-souls' day." At the conclusion of each psalm the priests paused, when the herald-at-arms stripped the criminal of one part of his armour, saying aloud—"This is the helmet of a coward; this

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is the shield of a traitor; this is the sword of a false knave!" When the last psalm was over, a basin of warm water was poured on his head, a rope tied under his arms, and he was led down from the scaffold. He next was laid on a hurdle, covered with a shroud, and carried to the church, where the priests concluded the ceremony of the degradation by singing a psalm which contained imprecations against traitors. After this humiliating scene he was dismissed the service.

Mr. Richardson, having conducted himself greatly to the satisfaction of Admiral Hood, was particularly recommended for promotion, and on the 4th of August, 1794, he was appointed lieutenant of the Circe, 28 (Captain Halkett). France having conquered Holland, made it independent, under the name of the Batavian republic. England immediately tried to weaken the naval power of this new ally, and all Dutch vessels in English ports were seized; and a small British squadron, under Vice-Admiral Duncan, was dispatched, to the North Sea, to watch the motions of the Dutch fleet.

The Circe joined this force, and, before leaving the channel, Lieutenant Richardson distinguished himself by an act of humanity and courage that gained him the estimation of all on board. While at anchor, with a strong tide running, a painter was busily engaged outside the cabin windows, when the general cry of "A man overboard!" was heard. The officers were

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at dinner, and, on rushing to the cabin window and opening it, they saw the man, who had fallen from the scaffolding, struggling in the water. In his uniform, Lieutenant Richardson sprang through the open aperture into the waves below, and, on rising to the surface, seized a fan-light which the sailors had thrown overboard to the drowning man. Propelling this forwards, he struck out after the painter, who was carried away rapidly by the current. At length he reached the nearly-exhausted man, helped him on one end of the fan-light, and supported him until one of the Circe's boats, straining every nerve, overtook them, and joyfully returned with their rescued friends.

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## CHAPTER III.

How to preserve an Hereditary Monarchy—Feats of Sir John B. Warren —Discontent among the People—French Invasion of Ireland—Cowardice of the Rebel Leaders—The Infallible Pope Outwitted by the Fallible Bonaparte—Mutiny at the Nore—Duncan deserted by his Fleet—Lieutenant Richardson's Firmness and Courage—A Tyrannical Captain Murdered by his own Crew—Watching the Texel—The Circe Chased by Three Frigates—Battle of Camperdown—De Winter, the Dutch Admiral, taken Prisoner by Lieutenant Richardson.

A.D. 1795 TO 1797.

PARLIAMENT met on the 13th of December, when the monarch urged in his speech from the throne, "the necessity of persisting in the war, however unfortunate it had hitherto been." He exhorted the Commons "to make ample provision for the public service; lamented the necessity of imposing additional burdens on his beloved subjects (credat Judæus Apelles non ego); but observed, with satisfaction, the state of credit and resources in this country." These resources were fated to be drained for very unconstitutional purposes; and, early in 1795, a message was delivered to both houses of Parliament, mentioning the debts of the Prince of Wales, and requesting them to relieve him from his

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present large encumbrances. Colonel Stanhope observed, "that the house had already liberally paid the debts of the prince;" but Pitt spoke upon the necessity of maintaining the dignity and splendor of the heir-apparent and every branch of the royal family. He expatiated upon the interest which they had in supporting the character of the house of Brunswick, and recommended them to consider that, in the issue of the discussion, was involved "the credit of the hereditary monarchy, and, consequently, the safety of this country." To this Mr. Martin drily replied, "that the way which appeared best calculated for the preservation of the hereditary monarchy, was to prevent it from being oppressive to the people!" The ministry, however, had all their own way, and granted the sum required for extricating the prince from his embarrassments.

An attack on the peninsula of Quiberon having been projected, at the instigation of French refugees, Sir John Warren disembarked two thousand five hundred royalists and three hundred British marines. These captured a fort, on the northern extremity of the peninsula, having a garrison of six hundred men. General Hoche attacked the emigrants, who ran away after a slight resistance, leaving the English to their fate. The refugee common soldiers afterwards massacred their officers, and then admitted Hoche into the fort, which the simple Warren had garrisoned with the foreigners,

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and deprived his own men of shelter on an emergency. The marines made a clever retreat with some loss, leaving behind, for the ragged and indifferently-armed French, new clothing and muskets for ten thousand men, which our government had been pursuaded would join the expedition on landing.

Six transports arrived, the evening previous to the surrender of the fort, laden with wine, rum, brandy, and provisions of every description. These, notwithstanding the presence of the British admiral with three line-of-battle ships and six frigates, were captured by the superior activity and courage of the French commander. Sir John, not daring to return home without achieving some feat, made a terrible onslaught on two small islands, where the population mainly consisted of seafowl. He also sent a threatening summons to the governor of Belle Isle, who, knowing his opponent's character well, answered—"that he was plentifully supplied with men, provisions, and artillery, and should be happy to receive warmly the intended visit." Upon this answer being returned, the admiral took fright, and, after venting his vengeance by destroying some small, unarmed craft, he left the scene of his exploits.

A spirit of discontent against the court, and increasing taxation, was evinced at the close of this year; and the king was made sensible of his unpopularity, by several outrages which occurred on his passage to and from

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the House of Lords, on the 29th of October. The crowd was immense in St. James's Park, and composed of the middle classes, tradesmen, and mechanics. As the royal carriage passed along, the predominant exclamations were, — "Peace;" "No famine;" "Give us bread;" "No Pitt!" Now and then, when a lull took place, might be heard the ominous cry — "Down with George!" This was always followed by stones, nine of which struck the state coach; but, although the glass was broken, the king received no injury. On his majesty's return from the house, these angry demonstrations were renewed, and, after he alighted at St. James's, the populace attacked the carriage and it was speedily demolished.

The minister became alarmed, and presented a stringent bill, entitled, "An act for the preservation of his majesty's person against treasonable attempts." The Duke of Norfolk opposed it in each stage, as a most dangerous innovation upon the constitution. Notwithstanding the tyrannical complexion of this bill, it baffled every attack from the patriotic and upright, being supported by all the corrupt influence of power. The subservient bench of bishops declared, through their mouthpiece, the bishop of Rochester, their opinion, when he affirmed — "That he did not know what the mass of the people in any country had to do with the laws, but to obey them!" This act caused general

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exasperation, and, on the 1st of February, 1796, as their majesties were returning from Drury-Lane, they were attacked by the mob, and a stone was dashed through the glass at the king.

These disturbances fostered, in the breasts of the French and discontented Irish, a false idea, that the English would join in any attempt at rebellion. They knew not the real character of Great Britain, which would suffer any tyranny rather than submit to foreign interference or assistance, and will never act in self-defence against its rulers until goaded beyond endurance. Then she can always throw off her fetters with a certainty of success, and discard for ever those who forged them; as in the case of Charles the First and James the Second.

France, however, bent on the invasion, in which she was to be assisted by the fleets of Spain and Holland, thought the opportunity favorable, and General Hoche received the command. In the summer, agents from the society of United Irishmen applied to the directory, and convinced them how easy it was to excite a general insurrection. Deluded by their specious representations and promises of a simultaneous rising, and positive assurances, from the chief agitators, that the invaders would be received with joy and hailed as deliverers, the French agreed to send fifteen thousand men, with a large supply of arms, clothing, and muni-

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tions of war. Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Arthur O'Connor had an interview with Hoche, and arranged their plan of proceedings. The point of debarkation was to be Bantry Bay; and every captain of the fleet was provided by the Irish with a chart, in which the different anchorages, as well as those at the mouth of the Shannon, were clearly marked out. The expedition was composed of seventeen ships of the line, thirteen frigates, and numerous transports, carrying, in cavalry and infantry, eighteen thousand men, besides a large train of artillery and stores.

On the 16th of December the ships sailed, but a heavy squall coming on, they were scattered, and lost each other in the dark, and fell among some English frigates, who forwarded the alarm to Falmouth. Seven ships of the line, and ten frigates and transports, anchored in the Bay of Bantry on the 24th. Some pilot boats, mistaking the fleet for British, were detained, and thus every ship was provided with a pilot. A boat was now sent ashore, to inform the promised rebel army of their arrival, but not one of the United Irishmen dare show himself in arms; and their leaders evinced less courage than the redoubtable Smith O'Brien, M.P., in Widow Cormack's cabbage garden. That patriotic general did expose his right-about-face side for a Saxon target, while grubbing among the vegetables for concealment, but no such magnanimity was dis-



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played on this occasion. This was rather a dilemma for the astonished and disappointed invaders. A council of war was held, at which it was decided that six thousand troops on board, being all that had escaped dispersion by the storm, should be disembarked the next morning, as it was too late to effect a landing at that time. But the elements frustrated this intention; for a violent gale came on in the night, drove the ships from their anchors, and one foundered with all her crew.

The French admiral returned to Brest without landing a man, or carrying back any very favorable impression of his Irish allies. The remainder of this fleet, from which so much had been anticipated, utterly failed in its object: some perished on rocks, others were captured by British cruisers, and the rest returned, in a shattered state, to port. It was strange that, during the three weeks or more that an enemy was traversing the English and Irish channels, neither Lord Bridport nor Admiral Colpoys, with two large fleets sent to attack them, ever succeeded in engaging a single ship. They laid the blame on the weather; but great want of energy, and no particular desire to fight, was justly attributed to both commanders.

While the war was so slovenly managed at home, Bonaparte was victorious in every engagement against the large armies of the Austrians, gaining the battles of St. Michael, Corono, Anguiari, Rivoli, and La Fa-

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vorite, on five successive days. In the last action he took seven thousand prisoners, with all the cannon, baggage, and a regiment of cavalry, who were too frightened to fight and too confused to run away. The weak pope attempted to check the conqueror, but his troops, being a shade less formidable than the Austrians, gave way at the sight of Junot at the head of a hussar regiment. Five hundred Italians were cut down in the pursuit, and one thousand prisoners, with their consecrated banners and cannon, were captured.

The bishop of Rome now made overtures of peace; and the pope's letter and Bonaparte's answer are about on a par for specimens of hypocrisy and falsehood:

"My dear Son,

"Assured of the sentiments of good will which you have manifested, we have abstained from removing anything from Rome, by which you will be persuaded of the entire confidence which we repose in you. We conclude by assuring you of our most perfect esteem, and in giving you the paternal apostolic benediction."

To this the wily Corsican replied:

"Most Holy Father,

"I ought to thank your holiness for the obliging things contained in the letter which you have taken the trouble to write to me, and I felicitate myself in having been able to contribute to your personal safety."

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After this interchange of mutual civility came the settling of accounts; and the miserable, chopfallen priest had to renounce, on oath, all future connection or coalition with kings; to disband his troops, and shut his ports against all powers at war with the republic. In addition to these terms, he was compelled to cede Avignon and Venaisson to the French, and pay the conqueror thirty millions of livres with some thousands of horses.

On turning to England, we find her thrown into one of the most dangerous positions she was ever placed in since the conquest. Her right arm of strength,—the terror of the world,—the pledge against invasion,—the long-boasted dominion of the seas,—fell suddenly powerless, struck by a paralyzing mutiny. This first broke out in the channel fleet at Spithead; and, afterwards, most of the ships belonging to the North Sea squadron hoisted the flag of defiance. The Circe was an exception to the general rule; and we shall see the brave and determined part Lieutenant Richardson took on this awful occasion. On the 15th of April, 1797, when Admiral Bridport ordered the signal for the fleet to prepare for sea, instead of weighing anchor, three cheers were given from the Queen Charlotte, as a signal for disaffection. This was followed by every ship, to the astonishment of the officers, who tried various means to bring the men to a sense of their

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duty, but without effect. The next day two delegates from the sixteen ships that had been taken possession of by the seamen stated their complaints. They demanded an increase of pension, better pay, less flogging, and a general proclamation of pardon; and expressed their determination not to return to their duty until these concessions were granted. This so incensed Admiral Gardner, that he seized one of the delegates by the collar, and vowed he would have them all hanged together, with every fifth man in the fleet. The delegates returned in a rage to their companions, who hoisted the bloody flag, loaded their guns, set watches, and put their ships in a complete state of defence.

The French had good information of what was going on, and, expecting an easy conquest, dropped into the outer harbour of Brest, preparatory to sailing. Intelligence of this being forwarded to Lord Bridport, on the 7th of May, he made the signal to weigh, when every ship at St Helens refused to obey, but not the slightest manifestation of desertion to the enemy was evinced by a single ship. The officers earnestly prayed for the appearance of the hostile fleet, well knowing that the very sight of it would have instantly brought back the men to the performance of their duty. The delegates now had the temerity to appoint a meeting on board the London, 98, which carried the flag of

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Vice-Admiral Colpoys. That officer ordered his marines to fire on the disaffected as they came on board, and five of them were killed, when the London's seamen began to unlash the second deck guns and to point them up the hatchways. The marines now threw down their arms, unwilling to spill more blood; and the rebels, rushing on their officers, seized the first lieutenant, and were proceeding to hang him, when the admiral, pleading that he had only acted in conformity with his orders, contrived to save his life. To concentrate their force, all the ships which lay at Sheerness dropped down to the great Nore; the line-of-battle ships were drawn up about half a mile distant from each other, and numbered by this time twenty-four sail.

On the 6th of June, a great part of Lord Duncan's fleet had joined them, and that admiral had only with him the Venerable, 74; Adamant, 50; and Circe, 28. These three vessels were in a state of mutiny, but unable to gain possession of the ships, as every officer was determined to die rather than surrender them. While in this perilous situation, by constantly making signals as if there were ships in the offing, he deceived the Dutch into the belief that the whole of his squadron was at hand. Thus Duncan kept his station off the Texel, and blockaded fifteen sail of the line under Admiral De Winter. When symptoms of mutiny appeared amongst his crew, Lord Duncan ordered the whole

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upon deck, and firmly told them that he would, with his own hand, put to death the first man who should presume to display the slightest tendency to rebellion. He then exclaimed: "To be deserted by my fleet is a disgrace which I believe never before happened to a British admiral. My great comfort is, that I am supported by the officers and marines of this ship; and let those who will stand by me pass over immediately to the starboard side, that we may see who are our friends and who are our opponents." The whole crew obeyed, with the exception of six, who were instantly seized and put into irons; but were restored to liberty, after a brief confinement, on expressing contrition for their conduct.

The Circe had on board many indifferent characters, who had been smuggled into her for seamen to keep them out of mischief on shore. It was then a common custom with the London police, when they got hold of a regular rogue, and had no evidence to obtain a conviction, to send him on board any ship in want of men in order to get rid of such a nuisance. By this means many a thief died for his country's honor, who, but for this infringement of the liberty of the subject, would have swung with a halter round his neck. These kind of men were great politicians, with a smattering of learning, and had their revenge, during the mutiny, by encouraging discontent and influencing

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the simple minds of the tars. Lieutenant Richardson had positive orders to shoot the first man who attempted to alter the course of the ship, and firmly he fulfilled his dangerous trust. For six days and nights he and Captain Halkett sat back to back on the deck, with a loaded carbine in hand and cocked pistols in their belts, issuing orders to the officers and the few men who remained dutiful. The mutineers had possession of the lower parts of the ship, and watched every opportunity to gain entire power, by overpowering and disarming their lieutenant and commander. It was easy enough to murder them, and this was suggested by some of the London black sheep. But the sailors would not embrue their hands in the blood of a young man who had lately risked his life to save one of their messmates, and who was as kind to those under his command as he was gallant in the day of strife.

When one officer on this long watch took a short repose the other kept guard, and with a determined eye fixed on every movement of the disaffected, growled out: "Instant death to the first man that interferes!" After a week of awful suspense, and when nature was nearly exhausted, some ships were seen in detached portions coming to join the admiral. Lieutenant Richardson, guessing at once that all was over at the Nore, sprung forward, and with a cocked pistol at the head of the ringleader, (who was blustering on deck,) dragged him below.

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The others gave way before the captain and those who had been passive through intimidation, and ere assistance arrived, everything was going on in the Circe as if nothing had occurred to ruffle the general harmony. No serious punishment was inflicted, as the malcontents had abstained from violence; and the certainty of an approaching engagement required the good will and hearty assistance of the seamen. Mr. Richardson's firmness and exertions in preventing the crew of the Circe from acquiring the ascendancy, gained him the thanks of the admiralty for his "spirited and judicious conduct."

The mutiny at the Nore will lead us to inquire, what earthly reason could have induced such good and brave subjects as British seamen to join in so treasonable a conspiracy? The sailors presented a list of eight articles of just complaint, which were treated with contempt by the lords of the admiralty, who also turned a deaf ear to the frequent charges of cruelty against commanders of vessels. No monarch can be more despotic, so far as respects the power of inflicting corporal punishment, short of death, than the captain of a ship of war. If a man even speaks or looks to give offence, he may be ordered to the gangway, and the bloody furrows on his shoulders increase in number and depth beneath the vigorous arm that lays on the cat-o'-nine-tails. Officers there were who delighted in such work, and who, when

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the cruise was long enough, scarcely left a sailor belonging to the ship with an unscarred back. Such a tyrant was Captain Hugh Pigott. On the 21st of September, 1797, while cruizing off Porto Rico, on the crew reefing the topsails, the captain called aloud that he would flog the last man off the mizen-topsail-yard. The poor fellows, well knowing that he would keep his word, and thinking that the lot would fall on the outermost, each resolved, at any risk, to escape from punishment. Two of them who, from their position, could not reach the topmost rigging, made a spring to get over their comrades within them, when, missing their hold, they fell on the quarter-deck, with their skulls smashed to pieces.

On their state being reported to the captain, he only answered, with an oath, "Throw the lubbers overboard!" and the other men, on coming down, were severely reprimanded and threatened with punishment. This crowning act of tyranny drove to desperation the long ill-used crew, and the next evening the men, with loud murmurs, began a general disturbance. The captain, hearing a noise, ran on deck to punish the offenders with the lash, but was driven back with repeated wounds, and, while retreating to his cabin, received a stab from his coxswain. The seamen then forced him out of the window into the waves below, where he was heard to implore that mercy which he had never shown to others.

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If this man had been the sole victim no one could have lamented his just punishment; but the mutineers murdered most of the remaining officers, carried the ship into a Spanish port, and thus a fine frigate was added to the enemy's fleet.

Another captain at this period had, by his cruelty, so exasperated his crew, that although not deficient in courage, he dare not engage any enemy, well knowing that in the heat of battle some injured person would be revenged upon him. He used every precaution, therefore, to keep out of action; but suddenly one morning, on a mist clearing up, he found himself within pistol-shot of an inferior frigate, and he was obliged to fight. Knowing his certain fate, he told a friend to take warning by his approaching end, and, too late, expressed his sorrow for past cruelties. Not ten minutes after the first broadside he fell, pierced with a ball from his own marines; but no individual could be pointed out, although all knew from whence the bullet came that laid him low.

Admiral Duncan, from shortness of provisions and want of stores, was obliged to quit his station and put into Yarmouth roads, on the 3rd of October, to revictual and refit, leaving on the Dutch coast the Circe, 28, with the cutter, Active, and a lugger, to watch the motions of the blockaded fleet. De Winter seized the opportunity to put to sea, with a view of reinforcing

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the French, and flattered himself with being able to elude the vigilance of the English. On the 7th he was seen by the watchful Circe, and also from the Active. This little vessel of 78 tons, commanded by Mr. Hamilton, was able to keep sight of the enemy without fear of capture; but the Circe was hotly pursued by three frigates, that gave chase for thirteen leagues, from the Texel, until a friendly squadron appeared in sight. This was Captain Trollope, with the Russell, 74; Adamant, 50; and Beaulieu, 40. These, ascertaining the force of the enemy, dispatched a letter by the Active, addressed to the first lord of the admiralty. Orders were given to land at the first place in England which could be reached, and, at the same time, the Vestal was dispatched to convey the news to Admiral Duncan in Yarmouth roads. The Active was soon far ahead of the frigate, when Mr. Hamilton, seeing the Vestal could not get to Yarmouth that day, to call out the fleet, on making the land near Cromer, tacked and worked the cutter up the back of Yarmouth sands, firing guns with the signal flying for an enemy being at sea.

Immediately all was bustle and preparation, and so unlooked for was the event, that many officers who were on shore were left behind, and thus lost their share of promotion. In the meantime, Captain Trollope had constantly kept sight of the Dutch, and on the 11th of October, 1797, he was joined by Duncan. De Winter

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was seen from the Venerable, under easy sail, awaiting the advance of his foes, and formed in order of battle towards Camperdown. Duncan's fleet was in loose order, in consequence of their sailing inequalities, and the backwardness of some of their commanders; but he signalled for each ship to engage her opponent, and get between them and the land, whither they were fast approaching. The Dutch numbered fifteen ships of the line, four frigates, four brigs, and two corvettes. The British had sixteen ships of the line, two frigates, and one brig. Duncan gave the signal for close action at half-past eleven, which was generally obeyed with great promptitude.

Admiral Onslow, in the Monarch, 74, bore down on the enemy's rear in the most gallant manner, his division following. The Powerful, 74, (Captain Drury,) passed through the Dutch line, astern of the Jupiter, 74, and while engaging her was surrounded by foes. The Venerable, 74, (Admiral Duncan,) pierced the enemy's line and began a close action with the Vryheid, 74, (Admiral de Winter); at the same time three large Dutch ships, not being pressed upon, kept up a heavy cannonade on the English commander's vessel. After two-and-a-half hours' hard fighting, the Batavian ship, Hercules, 64, having caught fire, drifted close past the Venerable. The flames were extinguished by the exertions of the crew, who, having thrown overboard

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all their powder, had no means of defence, and were obliged to surrender. At this time the masts of the Dutch admiral's ship went by the board, and the serious damage which the Venerable had sustained obliged her to haul off for a short space. Seeing this the Triumph, 74, which had just compelled the Wassaneur, 64, to strike, approached to give the final *coup de grace* to the Vryheid. The Wassaneur observing its conqueror closely engaged, endeavoured to escape; but was pursued and recaptured by Captain Trollope, of the Russell, 74, who had kept from close action during the battle, and now distinguished himself by taking an unresisting shattered prize. Captain Fayerman, of the Beaulieu, 40, who had also maintained a respectful distance from the fight, picked up the Monnikendam, trying to make to shore in a helpless condition and not a mast standing.

The Circe was one of the repeating frigates when the Adamant, 50, Captain William Hotham, and four others, refused to answer the admiral's signal for close action, and shortened sail so as to keep out of danger, while Duncan and the rest were hotly engaged. Lieutenant Richardson repeated, over and over again, to the shirking captains, the signal for close quarters, but they did not pay the slightest attention; he, therefore, begged Halkett to let him fire a few signal guns, in order that no mistake could be pleaded. On getting permission, he was so enraged at their taking no more notice of this

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than the others, that, with the hearty consent of the sailors, who enjoyed the prank, he fired six guns, heavily loaded, right into them, when they took up another and safer position. There, as the tide of battle turned in favor of Duncan, they made themselves conspicuous in capturing the crippled and unresisting Dutchmen. The Vryheid, having become an ungovernable hulk, struck her colors, after a loss of two hundred and fifty men killed and wounded. Admiral de Winter was conveyed from his ship to the Venerable, by Lieutenant Richardson, in the jolly boat belonging to the Circe. This was brought about by that officer's foresight; and but for his precaution and suggestion, the Dutch admiral would, in all probability, have escaped capture.

We will quote the lieutenant's own description of this perilous and spirited seizure, from the pages of the "United Service Journal:"

"When the Vryheid's masts went by the board, her position was about two cable-lengths on the weather quarter of Admiral Duncan's flag-ship, the Venerable: both ceased firing, but the action continued ahead and astern of them. I said to Captain Halkett, 'If you have ever read the history of the Dutch wars, you will be aware that De Winter will run all risks to get on board some other ship, as De Ruyter and other admirals did formerly. It is evident that the Venerable cannot have a boat that will swim; I, therefore, volun-

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teer my services to take him out of his ship before he can effect his escape, if you will give me the jolly-boat only.' He replied, 'If you can find volunteers you have my permission.' In a minute the boat was lowered and manned with four seamen and myself. There was too much sea to approach the Vryheid on the weather side, and a whole raft of masts and yards were under her lee. Leaving a boatkeeper in the boat, and accompanied by the other three men, I scrambled on the deck, and, on reaching the quarter-deck, found De Winter on his knees holding a square sheet of lead, while a carpenter was nailing it over a shot-hole in the bottom of a small punt, about twelve feet in length, which was to have been launched for the admiral's use and escape.

"Putting my hand upon his shoulder, and telling him that he was my prisoner, I demanded his sword, and promised to conduct him to Admiral Duncan in a safer boat than that on which he was engaged. He said, 'This my destiny was not foreseen;' and, walking aft with me, he directed my attention to a small bureau, which contained his public and private papers, and begged me to save it from being plundered. I promised that it should not be opened, and gave him to understand that Admiral Duncan would ratify my pledge. De Winter then took leave of a young officer, (I believe his nephew), who was desperately wounded, and accompanied me to the gangway, the officers and crew making

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way for him, and many, kneeling, took leave of their beloved commander. To get into the boat we had to recross the raft of masts and spars alongside, and two of my boat's crew, one on each side, supported the admiral; yet, notwithstanding the carefulness observed, De Winter stepped on a portion of the main-topmast about the centre of the spar, but, from its having no rigging attached, it turned round, and the admiral disappeared. Whilst expecting his rising, I observed the crown of his head lifting some canvass which was lying over the raft, and a sailor, in a moment, slit the sail, and we had the happiness to save our gallant prisoner's life. In rowing towards the Venerable, De Winter expressed a wish that I should restore him his sword, in order that he might personally deliver it to Admiral Duncan, saying, at the same time, 'I hope to have the honor of presenting you with one more valuable.' I complied, and he had his desire gratified. The only officers present on the Venerable's quarter-deck, when Admiral De Winter resigned his sword, were—Admiral Duncan, Captain Fairfax; Lieutenants Richardson, Cleland, Renton, Little, Skinner, Oswald; Major Trollope and Lieutenant O'Malley, of the Marines; Mr. Patterson, master, Mr. Burnett, and Mr. Hamilton."

With the surrender of De Winter the action ceased, and the British commander found himself in possession of the Vryheid, 74; Jupiter, 74; Devries, 74; Gelyk-



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heid, 64; Haerlain, 64; Hercules, 64; Wassanaer, 64; Alkmaar, 50; Delft, 50; Monnikendam, 40; and Ambuscade, 32. The Beschemar, 50, fearing to engage so strong an opponent as the Lancaster, 64, wore out of the line, and was followed by several Dutch ships that had no such excuse. These could not be pursued, the land being only five miles distant and the fleet in nine fathoms of water. De Winter attributed his defeat to this defection on the part of six ships that should have supported him; but five of the British behaved nearly as bad, and were of no service except in retaining defenceless prizes. The appearance of the British ships, at the close of the action, was very unlike what it was when opposed to the French or Spaniards. No masts were shot away, nor was the rigging in its usual tattered state; for the Dutchmen had directed their shot at the hulls of the English, and this so near that no aim could well miss. Many were pierced by balls in all directions, and a few had received dangerous injuries, between wind and water, which kept the pumps in constant employment. With hulls so shattered the loss of men was very severe, making two hundred and twenty-eight killed and eight hundred and twelve wounded. The captured ships were nearly all dismasted; the Dutch vice and two rear-admirals were wounded, and their returns were five hundred and fifty killed and six hundred and twenty wounded.

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## CHAPTER IV.

**Heroic Old Benbow—United Efforts of the United Irishmen—Militia *versus* Irish Rebels—Cheap Method of Fattening Swine—The Loyal Drummer—The French Land at the Bay of Killala—General Napper Tandy's Startling Proclamation—Colonel Vereker—Croppies Figuring in Parisian Regimentals—Third Expedition from France to Assist the Irish Rebels—Lieutenant Richardson appointed, by Admiral Lord Duncan, to the Venerable, 74—Sir Sidney Smith at Acre—Richard Cœur de Lion's Mount—Slaughter and Defeat of the French.**

A.D. 1797 TO 1799.

ADMIRAL DUNCAN was created Viscount Camperdown, with a pension of three thousand pounds per annum, and received the thanks of both Houses, for his brilliant services. The Dutch degraded and severely punished the commanders of their runaway ships; and the British public loudly demanded an investigation into the conduct of those five captains who refused to engage when signalled repeatedly to do so. The admiralty tried in vain to evade inquiry; and, when they found it impossible, decided to pick out one of the commanders who had no family interest to offend; so Captain Williamson, of the Agincourt, 64, was selected, not that he was the worst, but the safest man to make a

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scapegoat. A court-martial sat on board the Circe, at Sheerness, upon two charges—one for disobedience of signals, and the other for cowardice and disaffection. The trial, as it proceeded, (for it continued three weeks,) attracted great attention, and the government now pressed for a severe sentence. The captains who were copartners in guilt, gave such strong evidence to criminate the prisoner, that his life was considered in danger. Lieutenant Richardson, being a most important witness, was examined the last, and corroborated facts sufficient to condemn all five.

This was not what the court desired, as it wished to screen all but Captain Williamson, and to throw the whole guilt upon him. They, therefore, demanded of the witness:

"Did you repeat the signal to the Agincourt?"

"I repeated it to all five."

"Did the captain who is before this court obey it?"

"Not one of the five obeyed it."

"In plain words, do you consider that Captain Williamson was guilty of cowardice and disaffection?"

"I consider that all of them were, and some worse than the prisoner, being senior officers and having larger ships."

In vain the president tried to make him fix something individually upon the Agincourt's captain; Lieutenant Richardson doggedly kept to number five, and

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spoke the plain truth, which no other witness had dared to do. On the court breaking up, Captain Williamson, with tears in his eyes, called down blessings upon the young officer who had saved his life by just and fearless evidence. The first charge was declared "proved," but not the second; and the prisoner was sentenced to be placed at the bottom of the list of post-captains, and to be rendered incapable thenceforward of serving in the navy.

It is well known that the five British captains were not all cowards, since one or two of them distinguished themselves afterwards: but they had taken a dislike to the admiral, and their base conduct arose from malice and jealousy, which they exhibited by deserting him in the hour of honor and danger. The intrepid honest old Benbow was abandoned in just the same manner to the enemy, by a confederacy amongst his captains, in 1702. However, he took the power he possessed of punishing the ringleaders, and did it so effectually, that nothing of the kind was heard of again, until Lord Howe's victory on the 1st of June, 1794. The culpable leniency of the government, on that occasion, produced the repetition of similar treason at Camperdown.

In the reign of the firm and sensible Queen Anne, neither court nor admiralty interest could screen the guilty, or procure either naval or military commands

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for the inexperienced and worthless. The sovereign, who truly loved her subjects, showed it in the only way a ruler can, by placing them (when war could not be avoided) under skilful leaders, of tried valor and acknowledged judgment. Such a man was Admiral Benbow, one of the brightest gems in the victorious crown of the British navy, and well worthy of our notice and admiration. When ministers suspected that the court of France was meditating a blow at our colonies in the West Indies, Benbow was dispatched with an armament for their protection. He fulfilled his mission admirably, and was a second time employed on the same errand. King William, on this last occasion, thinking it hard that a man who had so very recently returned home should be again sent out, wished some other officer to be appointed. No one could be found in whom the ministry had similar confidence. On perceiving this the king wittily exclaimed, "Well, then, as I find I must spare our beaux, I will send Ben-bow."

The last action in which this distinguished hero was engaged occured off Carthagena, with a squadron of ten sail, when he discovered the French admiral, with an equal number of ships, steering along shore. Benbow gave the signal for forming line (being himself in the centre) and for each ship to engage her opponent; but on approaching the enemy, on the 22nd of

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August, 1702, all his captains, excepting one, dropped astern and sailed away. Nevertheless, the two ships attacked the foe, when the admiral was ably supported by Captain George Walton, of the Ruby, 48; but this vessel was soon so disabled as to be incapable of rendering any further assistance, and was obliged to return to Port Royal. This did not dishearten old Benbow, who, single handed, commenced the fight the next morning against his ten opponents, by firing broadsides into them with double and round shot below, and round and cartridge aloft. His exasperated foes clustered around the devoted Breda, 74, pouring in their discharges wherever they could bring them to bear, and frequently striking each other instead of the common mark.

Still the British flag floated proudly on the stern warrior's good ship, and none dare board the determined veteran. Men fell fast on both sides, and a chain-shot shattered the admiral's leg; yet he would not be removed from the quarter-deck, but lay on a cradle, placed there for him, and gave his orders as collected as before. When the first lieutenant expressed sorrow for the loss of his leg, and the agony he was enduring: "I lament it, too," replied the gallant sufferer; "but I had rather have lost them both than have seen this dishonor brought upon the English nation. But, do you hear? If another shot takes me

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off, behave like brave men and fight it out!" After this he received a deep wound in his face and another in his arm; his ship was riddled with shot, and he had sustained a great loss in killed and wounded. On the other side most of his opponent's ships were damaged; and a seventy-four lay a wreck on the water, with her sides bored through and through with balls.

At last the French admiral took in tow his disabled ships and sheered off, finding he could make nothing of the incorrigible Benbow, who declared he would blow up his vessel rather than surrender, if driven to such a desperate extremity. The Breda's rigging being much shattered, she lay by for a few hours, when, being refitted, her commander ordered his captain to pursue, and make all the sail he could after the enemy, with the battle-signal out. The British admiral, dangerously wounded, returned to Jamaica, and considered that the last duty he could perform to benefit his country, was to prevent a recurrence of such disgraceful desertion as he had experienced. He, therefore, issued a commission to Rear-Admiral Whetstone and other officers to hold a court-martial, and try the eight captains for cowardice. Pendennis Kirby and — Wade were convicted and sentenced to be shot, but the first-named died before it could be carried into effect; Captain Constable, of the Windsor, was cashiered and imprisoned, and the remainder were provisionally

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suspended. Captains Wade and Kirby were sent home, and, on their arrival at Plymouth, were instantly shot on board, in virtue of a death-warrant for their immediate execution, which had lain there for some time. The same precaution had been taken in all the western ports, in order to prevent applications in favor of sparing their justly-forfeited lives. In a short time the intrepid admiral, after severe suffering, died at Jamaica, before he could receive from his sovereign any testimonial worthy of his heroic conduct. His last moments were cheered, however, by an acknowledgment of his valor from his noble-hearted foe, Du Casse, the French admiral, who, ascertaining Benbow's state, wrote to him the following note:

"*Carthagena, Aug.* 25, 1702.

"SIR,

"I had little hopes, on Monday last, but to have supped in your cabin: but it has pleased God to order otherwise, and I am thankful for it. As for those cowardly captains who deserted you, hang them up, for, by Jove, they deserve it.

"Yours truly,

"DU CASSE."

At the close of the year 1797, Ireland was in a very disturbed state, and the insurgents, who were known by the title of United Irishmen, increased in such an alarming degree that the whole kingdom was put under

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martial-law. Since the failure of their attempt, in 1796, to make a descent upon Ireland, the French had endeavoured, by means of spies and emissaries, to gain over the Roman Catholics to their cause; and in this they so far succeeded that the sister island became the theatre of a bloody rebellion in 1798. Fortunately for this country Bonaparte had assembled a large army for his designs upon Egypt. Alarmists immediately spread a report that England was its destination, and that an immediate invasion might be expected. This was rather confirmed by a large collection of gun-boats at Cherbourg, Havre, Boulogne, Dunkirk, and Ostend. Great Britain flew to arms *en masse;* thousands of volunteers sprung up, as if by magic, in every county and town of any importance; and a splendid militia army, that soon equalled the line in discipline, was embodied. This was officered by noblemen and gentlemen of the highest rank, fortune, and respectability, and prepared to cross bayonets with either foreign foes or Irish rebels. Their valuable services were soon required against the latter, who were taken greatly by surprise at the appearance of a most formidable Protestant force, determined to uphold, as long as life lasted, the reigning dynasty and established faith of the realm.

For some days during the month of May, 1798, orders had been issued by the leaders of the United

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Irishmen, directing their partisans to be ready at a moment's notice. On the 24th they took the field, and attacked some militia and dragoons stationed at Naas. Large bodies of insurgents, armed with muskets and pikes, rapidly advanced against the town, and made an assault upon the troops, who had taken up their positions according to a plan previously formed. They were received with a steady fire that cooled their courage, and gave them a sample of what they might expect from the militia, which their commanders had led them to despise. Rallying, however, after this repulse, they made a general assault, in every direction, and surrounded the small number of royalists. These stood firm, and kept up such a deadly discharge of musketry, that after fighting for near an hour, the vastly superior rebel force gave way and fled on all sides. The cavalry, taking advantage of their panic, charged amongst the confused mass and killed numbers. A great quantity of arms and pikes were taken, and three leaders in full military costume, with green cockades, who were immediately hanged in the streets.

On the same day General Dundas attacked a rebel army on the north side of the Liffy. They occupied the hills on the left of the road leading to Dublin; also the road itself and the high enclosed fields on the right. The attack was gallantly made; the infantry forcing the road at the point of the bayonet, when the pikes

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gave way before the levelled British steel. Soon one hundred and fifty misguided wretches were stretched lifeless on the ground, and the retreating foe were mowed down by the cavalry. The troops did not suffer, in either killed or wounded, and no prisoners were taken, as all captured in arms, or aiding in any way, (whether layman or priest), were generally disposed of, on that very spot, by the hangman or a file of soldiers. The day after, a large force of four thousand attacked Hacketstown, where Lieutenant Gardiner, with a few men, went out to meet them, and when the enemy came tolerably near, the troops made a feint and pretended to retreat towards the barracks. Upon this the Irish set up a loud howl of victory, imagining the day to be their own, and rushed disorderly forward, until checked by a volley that made the foremost bite the dust, and the rest scampered back as fast as they came, with a loss of three hundred men.

After this many engagements took place, between the military and rebels, in which vast numbers of the latter were slain; the peasantry were too lazy to bury their dead, and the soldiers had no spare time for such a purpose. So the pigs were called into commission, and turned out after a skirmish, when many a grunter had the inexpressible gratification of feasting on his deceased master, and thus, for once, turning the tables upon him. This cheap method of fattening swine rather disgusted

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the fastidious British officers, who entertained as great an antipathy to ham, pork, and bacon, as the strictest Israelite. The Irish hosts, knowing how suspiciously such dishes were viewed, always prefaced the ushering in of these dainties on the table, with the asseveration: "Upon my sowl, yer honor, I'll take my oath that 'ere pig niver tasted a Croppy." The rebels were nicknamed, in derision, "Croppies," on account of wearing their hair close cut. A famous song among the royalists of that day, was composed to a lively tune, commencing with the words:

> "Ye croppies of Dublin I'd have you beware,
> For I know you full well by the cut of your hair."

Nothing raised the fury of the malcontents more than this, and it caused many dreadful murders, one of which will be sufficient to shew the evil spirit it called forth. At a party in the country, a young lady sung it as the last new music from the capital, and the whole company joined in chorus, in the presence of a footman connected with the insurgents. This villain narrated the unintentional insult to his fellow-servants, who eagerly joined his intentions of vengeance, and when all had retired to rest, the assassins cut the throats of master, mistress, children, and the visitors in the house.

The rebels murdered their prisoners and committed the most cruel atrocities on defenceless householders.

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On the 23rd of June several thousands, commanded by an influential priest called Murphy, committed, under his directions, dreadful excesses, and burned the town of Castlecomar. They were overtaken by General Asgill, with nine hundred men, who got close to them without being observed, and opened a heavy fire of grape, which dispersed the priestly host, with the loss of four hundred men. The regular troops, militia, and yeomanry, sustained great loss, from the number of these encounters and from assassination, always the favorite method of Irish revenge. Amongst numerous instances a most worthy nobleman, Lord O'Neil, died of a wound from a pike, inflicted by his own park-keeper, to whom he had been the kindest of masters. A drummer, by name Hunter, of the age of twelve years, fell into their hands. He carried his drum with him, and when he was conducted to the town of Gorey, the insurgents desired him to beat it, having intended to make him serve as a drummer. But the English boy, actuated by a spirit of enthusiastic loyalty, exclaimed: "That the king's drum should never be beaten for rebels!" and at the same instant he leaped on the drum and broke through both its heads. The inhuman villains instantly pierced the body of this heroic child through and through with their pikes.

The leaders of the rebellion began at length to quarrel amongst themselves, and one section offered to betray

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the other, provided their persons were guaranteed; but the British generals refused the proposals of these spouting firebrands, who had brought to an untimely end some thousands of their ignorant countrymen. However, a proclamation was issued to the misguided multitude, promising them pardon on surrendering their arms, and returning with sincerity to their allegiance. This had the effect of inducing many thousands, either to destroy or give up their arms, and declare: "that they would never again carry an offensive weapon against his majesty or his loyal subjects."

When the faint sparks of expiring sedition could hardly be perceived, an express arrived at Dublin Castle, on the 24th of August: "That the French had landed in the bay of Killala,—had taken possession of the town by surprise, and the palace of the venerable bishop of the diocese, in which he and his family were confined as prisoners." The Irish commanders wished to gratify the characteristic cravings of their men, by butchering all the captives; but their lives were saved by the humane French general, who, arming himself and some of his officers with loaded carbines, protected them from the cowardly designs of the rebels. Commodore Savery had disembarked eleven hundred and fifty troops, a train of artillery, ammunition and waggons, and equipments for three thousand men. The only British force, at the post, consisted of a small detachment of the Prince of

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Wales' Fencibles and a few yeomanry, attended by the Protestant clergy of the neighbourhood; these offered some resistance and were overpowered, after suffering considerable loss.

The United Irishmen joined General Humbert; but not with a tithe of the numbers their vaporing chiefs had promised. Most of these sneaking rogues kept out of danger, and issued from their hiding places a proclamation, only equalled by the bombast of a Dan O'Connell or Doctor Cahill. It was headed by a harp, surmounted by the cap of liberty, and bearing the motto, "Erin-go-Bragh:"

"Liberty or Death!

"NORTHERN ARMY OF AVENGERS,

"*Head Quarters, the first year of Irish Liberty.*

"GENERAL J. N. TANDY TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

"What do I hear? The British Government have dared to speak of concessions! Can you think of entering into a treaty with a minister who has laid your cities waste and massacred, inhumanly, your best citizens, — a minister the scourge of mankind? Unable to subdue your courage, he attempts to seduce you. But the soldiers of the Great Nation have landed on your coast: James Napper Tandy is at their head. He has sworn to lead them on to victory or die. Freemen, to arms! The trumpet calls. Wage a war of extermination against your oppressors. The war of liberty against tyranny and liberty shall triumph!

"J. N. TANDY."

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Mr. Napper Tandy, however, was too sly a son of Erin to be caught napping himself, so he omitted accompanying this bellicose manifesto, and remained snug in a garret at Havre, until his intended principality should be conquered for him. On the advance of the enemy, Colonel Vereker, with three hundred of the Limerick militia, engaged the French and rebel forces at Caloony, on the 5th of September, 1798, by which bold and gallant exploit he prevented their taking possession of Sligo. In consideration of the ability and courage manifested on this occasion, by the colonel, King George was pleased to allow him to use, as supporters to his family arms, a lion, collared, chained, and murally crowned, supporting his majesty's colors; and a grenadier, of the Limerick militia, supporting the colors of the regiment, with the motto, "Caloony," underneath.

The French army having all the fighting-work to do, was soon reduced to nine hundred men, and poor General Humbert was distracted with his filthy, rascally allies. He had distributed new clothing to hundreds, who no sooner received such a godsend as a whole suit of clothes, than they decamped with their treasure the next night. A fresh set of half-naked recruits would offer themselves, for the same purpose, the ensuing morning; so that the French were only able, by close watching and shooting a few deserters, to keep together



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fifteen hundred of them, to aid in resisting General Lake's advancing army. On the 8th of September, at Ballinamuck, the English general summoned them to surrender, which demand being refused, a general action commenced. The rebel captains contrived to get the custody of the French camp assigned to them, which they completely gutted in a wonderful short time, and got safe away with their booty; while the intended deliverers from British despotism were too hotly engaged to notice their friendly proceedings. After a brief conflict, the French surrendered at discretion, baffled, betrayed, and robbed, by such cowardly villains as Napper Tandy, Priest Murphy, and other hatchers of the rebellion.

On the 16th of September another expedition, that should have gone with Savery's, set sail from Brest, consisting of the Hoche, 74, and eight frigates, containing three thousand troops, a large train of artillery, battering cannon, and stores of every description. The French fleet was discovered, on the 17th, by a British frigate, which made all sail to communicate the intelligence to Lord Bridport, and a gun-brig was dispatched to apprise the commander-in-chief on the Irish station. Commodore Bombart, not knowing General Humbert's misfortune, bore away in the direction of Killala Bay. Thinking that he had got rid of the English frigates, which had been dodging him from the time when the first

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alarm was given, he made for Tory Island, when the approach of a British squadron was signalled. It turned out to be the fleet of the nervous Sir John Warren, comprising the Canada, 74; Robust, 74; Foudroyant, 80; Magnanime, 44; Ethalion, Anson, Melampers, and Amelia frigates. The admiral gave orders for immediate chase, and on the 12th of October, the French commodore was surrounded and completely hemmed in by the superior squadron of his enemies. Had Howe or Duncan, or any officer of spirit, been the British commander, not a single ship could have escaped; but Sir John lost much valuable time in formal dispositions, and cautiously attacked a vastly inferior force, as if Bombart's frigates had all been line-of-battle ships. The Robust, 74, (Captain Thornborough,) quickly engaged the Hoche, 74, and a furious action commenced between these two, in which British courage finally triumphed. The Hoche having her rigging cut to pieces,—her hull riddled with shot,—five feet of water in her hold, and twenty-five of her guns dismounted,—struck her colors and was taken possession of. Soon after this the Ambuscade, 36, after bravely engaging the Magnanime, 44, and also receiving the fire of the Foudroyant, 80, yielded to the unequal contest. The Bellone, 40, surrendered after a two hours' action with the Ethalion frigate, which had behaved admirably; but it was not so with the British admiral, who never dare close with a

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frigate, for he had no ship of heavier metal to contend against. The immense Foudroyant was equally cautious, and five French vessels escaped, owing solely to cowardice on the part of our commander-in-chief. Two more of the frigates, eventually, fell into the hands of the English—the Resolue, 36, being taken by the Melampus, and the Loire by the Anson. This prize had on board field-pieces, clothing for three thousand men, muskets, sabres, pouches, and ball-cartridges, for equipping the Irish rebels. In a short time the Immortalite, 40, was, after a severe action, captured by the Fisgard, 40, (Captain Martin;) the French frigate, being crowded with soldiers, had fifty-four killed and one hundred and sixty-one wounded.

The same day that sealed Bompart's fate, saw a third expedition, of four frigates, quit France for Ireland. These had a fresh supply of troops; but on the commodore learning, from the Irish, the fate of the army and squadron, fearing for himself he put to sea, and very wisely steered straight home. This he was induced to do by the earnest solicitations of a most important, though unwilling personage on board. The hard-hearted directory determined that the general of the army of the Northern Avengers should no longer fight shy of dangers which he urged others to undergo; and, therefore, they gave directions that Napper should be kidnapped at Havre, and forced to accompany this expedition.

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During this exciting period at home, Lieutenant Richardson, much to his chagrin, was at a distance with the North Sea fleet; for, on the return of De Winter's captor to port, Lord Duncan, as a mark of his approbation, applied for him to be appointed one of his own lieutenants. In consequence he removed, on the 27th of January, 1798, on promotion, into the Venerable; but, on the 6th of March following, the admiral taking the command of the Kent, 74, Mr. Richardson became flag-lieutenant of that ship.

The principal operation undertaken by Great Britain, in the year 1799, was another expedition fitted out to rescue the united provences from the French, and the author of the former unfortunate miscarriage was again appointed commander-in-chief. Before this occurred, the British tars and marines had made their names formidable in the East. Sir Sidney Smith had taken, on the 16th of March, off the Cape of Carmel, the whole of a French flotilla, laden with forty-four pieces of heavy cannon, a large supply of ammunition, and other necessaries for Napoleon, who was advancing to Acre with an army flushed by constant victories.

The English commodore landed his captured artillery, mounted it on the ruined ramparts, and, by his skill and activity, placed the fortifications in such a state, that up to the 6th of May, every attack had been repulsed with great slaughter by the marines, seamen,

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and Turks. On the 7th, Bonaparte made his last vigorous effort. The British gun-boats, being within grape-shot-distance of the attacking columns, did great execution amongst the ranks of the advancing French, who, supported by an increased fire from their own batteries gained ground until their flag floated on the outer angle of a tower. This was a most critical point in the contest; but the experienced British leader knew the kind of metal he had to rely upon, and instantly led on his ships' crews, who flung themselves upon the ascending foes, overthrew the foremost down the slope, and checked the progress of the remainder. Here, for a time, the dead bodies and ruins formed a breastwork for both sides to fight across; the muzzles of their muskets touched one another, and the pike heads were locked together with the opposing bayonets.

On a mount called Richard Cœur de Lion, surrounded by his generals and a brilliant staff, Napoleon beheld the undaunted courage of the descendants of that hero whose prowess had stamped a deathless name on the ground on which he stood. With vehement gesticulations he ordered forwards fresh reinforcements to replace the dead and dying. A little before sunset a large, massive column of French was seen advancing silently, with a solemn step, to the lost breach, over which the British and Turkish flags again waved triumphant. Sir Sidney and the energetic old pasha, Ghezzar, having

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had many of their best men killed or wounded, determined this time to alter their plan of defence, by suffering the bravest and most advanced of the French columns to mount the breach unmolested, and descend from the ramparts into the seraglio gardens below. There six thousand picked men, interspersed with British marines and seamen, and armed with pike, bayonet, sabre, and dagger, formed six deep,—a long avenue for their foes to pass through.

The French stormers seeing the ramparts deserted, and thinking the defenders had been seized with a panic, hurried on with loud shouts. The dense masses pressed those before them through the long defile of raised weapons, that flashed in the grasp of thousands of uplifted hands, dealing death at every blow on foes closely wedged in, and without the power of using their muskets. The soldiers were mowed down, and fell like corn before the reapers, and hardly one returned to report their misfortune. General Lannes, the commanding officer, was wounded on the breach and carried off, but General Rambaud got into the defile and fell with all that descended into the fatal gardens. The conflict had now lasted twenty-five hours, and the grenadiers refused to mount the breach again, horrified at the idea of clambering over the headless trunks of their companions, which, tossed down by the Turks, in derision, from their late place of slaughter, choked

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up by hundreds the passage. The victors, elated by their success, now made a desperate sortie and again defeated and put to flight the French. Bonaparte, in utter despair, raised the siege and made a precipitate retreat, leaving behind all his battering cannon in the hands of the brave confederates.

This repulse at Acre is a proof of what British soldiers and sailors are capable of performing when properly commanded, and animated with confidence in their leaders.

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## CHAPTER V.

Excellent Recipe for a National Debt—Charge of French Cavalry against Lieutenant Richardson and Sailors—Sir Ralph Abercromby Defeats the French at the Zype—The Duke of York supersedes that Victorious General—Defeat and Disgrace sustained by the British Army—Richardson enlivens a Sulky Dutchman—Fish Ejecting Romanism—Expedition to Egypt—How an Invading Force can Land in the face of Batteries, Shells, and Soldiers—Lieutenant Richardson commands Sir Ralph Abercromby's Division of Boats—Sailor giving Gold Change for Copper—Stubborn Dromedaries.

A.D. 1799 TO 1801.

WE now turn from Asia to Europe, and observe British valor and well-disciplined troops exposed to defeat, in order to gratify the presumption of a royal duke. Troops had been assembled upon a much larger scale than that which had failed in the second year of the war. The North Sea fleet was still under the command of Lord Duncan, who had, for a long time, blocked up the Texel, without being able to tempt the enemy to risk a second action. The first part of the army embarked at Deal on the 13th of August, and a treaty had been entered into between the British government and Russia, wherein the latter stipulated to furnish

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seventeen thousand men, six ships of the line, and transports to carry a portion of the troops. The emperor was to receive for the hire of his soldiers eighty-eight thousand pounds, half of which was to be paid when they were ready to embark at Revel and the remainder in three months afterwards. A subsidy of forty-four thousand pounds a month was also to be discharged for them; and further, for the use of the ships, the country was mulcted in fifty-nine thousand pounds as a three months' subsidy for expenses of equipments, from the day on which the vessels should depart from Cronstadt. After the expiration of these three months, John Bull was to pay at the rate of nineteen thousand seven hundred pounds sterling a month, and all this was independent of subsistence. The emperor having made such a capital market of his ships and troops, was not anxious to see them back again in a hurry, and sent a general who, he knew, would take good care of them as well as of himself.

The first division that left England was composed of seventeen thousand British, in high spirits, as Sir Ralph Abercromby was their leader, and it was generally supposed that he would act as commander-in-chief. A squadron of one hundred and fifty sail, under the protection of Duncan's fleet, conveyed them; and on the 21st of August, 1799, they anchored near the shore in the Texel. Shortly afterwards a flag of truce was sent

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from the British to the Dutch admiral, who, on refusing to surrender his fleet, force was decided to be the only alternative. First, however, Duncan bore up to cover the disembarkation of the troops, when a landing was effected. The leading division had scarcely begun to move forward when they got into action; for the enemy had assembled a large force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and made repeated attacks with fresh reinforcements. Sir Ralph took up so judicious a position on a range of large sand-hills, that neither the French cavalry or guns could be of much service to them. After a severe contest, from four in the morning until three in the afternoon, the enemy was obliged to retire, with heavy loss and thoroughly beaten. Richardson commanded in this battle a detachment of seamen attached to the army, and had a narrow escape from being cut to pieces. He was ordered to plant his guns, which the sailors dragged themselves, on a distant elevation; and, to save trouble, they left the track of the troops and took the nearest line to the spot, passing near an immense long Dutch barn and outbuildings. A sailor had been sent before to stand on a sand-hill and signal if anything hostile appeared; but not a speck was visible on the plain. Suddenly the rattle of arms was heard; the large barn-doors flew open, and out charged, at full gallop, a body of French cavalry. Luckily the sea was near enough to form a barrier behind, and the lieutenant,

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despising their demands to surrender, placed his men, three deep, within the guns and ammunition carts, with pikes in the front rank, and thus received the troopers. Little expecting any resistance, and saluted by a volley which emptied a few of their saddles, they wheeled round and disappeared, leaving the tars to erect their battery unmolested.

Soon after this action, the important post of the Helder, defended by two thousand men and a numerous train of artillery, was taken by General Moore. The Dutch fleet of twelve sail, in the Nieuve Diep, together with their naval magazines, containing ninety-seven pieces of ordnance, surrendered to Admiral Duncan, who gave the command to trusty officers. Lieutenant Richardson was recalled from his duties on shore to take possession of a sixty-four line-of-battle ship, with eighty picked men from the Venerable. He found plenty of employment in managing the great number of Dutch on board, many of whom had to be employed to work the vessel, and watched narrowly for an opportunity to run away with the ship. While the Dutch squadron was thus changing masters, the British army, under their gallant and beloved general, advanced and took post behind the Zype, that had near it a dyke, at the back of which the foe had entrenched themselves, defended by powerful artillery. This position was cleverly carried; and the French

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army, of twenty-five thousand men, were totally defeated by seventeen thousand British, owing to the first-rate generalship of Abercromby. Such a decided success, with inferior numbers, prognosticated the speedy expulsion of the French armies out of Holland.

This victory spread terror in the ranks of the Batavians and their allies; when the Duke of York landed with seventeen thousand Russians, on the 13th of September, and superseded the conquering Abercromby. The impetuous duke, jealous of Sir Ralph's laurels, determined to attack the enemy in a strong position at Alkmaer, which was the very thing the French commander desired, for the place he had chosen presented in every direction the most formidable obstacles. The enemy, to their left, occupied to great advantage very high sand-hills, which extended from the sea in front of Petten to the town of Bergen, and was defended by strongworks. In addition to this they were entrenched in three fortified villages, intersected, every three or four hundred yards, by deep ditches and broad canals; and the bridges across the only two roads which led to these places were destroyed. Neither Abercromby nor the other officers could prevent the royal soldier from risking a battle under such disadvantageous circumstances, which was certain, in the most favorable point of view, to be undecisive and sanguinary. The day selected was rainy and tempes-

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tuous, and the number of ditches and canals severally to be contested were stained with the blood of hundreds, rashly hurried into eternity by the wilfulness of their general. After a protracted fight and severe loss to the British, the thinned and mortified regiments retreated, with broken spirits, to their entrenchments at the Zype. The French commander-in-chief, knowing his opponent would be drawn into any trap he might choose to set for him, twice again concentrated his army in nearly impregnable positions, and two more disastrous battles gave a finishing stroke to the allies.

Their situation became most distressing: sickness raged in the camp; while the badness of the roads, the great want of provisions, and the hostile behaviour of the natives, daily decreased the number of serviceable men. The duke had scouted all precautions from his generals, and deemed their advice superfluous on these points; and he pertinaciously adhered to the opinion, that provisions and every requisite would be supplied by the Dutch. Now, when he too late saw his blindness and folly, all presence of mind forsook him; and, determining to evacuate Holland, he dispatched Colonel Brownrigg to London, with a private account of his real situation. All his previous bulletins had been of a most flourishing description, and just the reverse of the actual state of affairs; but now,

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thoroughly frightened, he demanded transports as soon as possible.

A council of war was held, when those distinguished leaders — Abercromby, Moore, and Coote — acquiesced, out of mercy to their gallant men, in the views of the commander-in-chief, and the expedition was abandoned. The duke took up his quarters at Scagenburg, and entered into negociations, of a degrading character, with the French general, Brune, which the British admiral took good care he should not be able to fulfil. The combined armies were to evacuate every conquest, restore all artillery and forts taken by Abercromby, and a private engagement was entered into, by the Duke of York, that the Dutch fleet, of twelve sail, in Zunder Zee, should be surrendered to their former owners. An aide-de-camp, who accidently overheard this unfair agreement, sent off, instantly, secret information to the energetic British admiral. Without a moment's hesitation, although the wind was against him, the determined Duncan signalled to the fleet and prizes to cut their cables instantly and run out to sea. Scarcely had the last ship disappeared, when a brig arrived, on the ground they had just occupied, with orders from the duke to deliver up Admiral Storey's vessels.

Lieutenant Richardson, who still commanded the Dutch sixty-four, in his great haste to get away, ran aground with

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his large ship. As he was unable to manage her, with the eighty men he had from the Venerable, the prisoners were ordered to man the yards, but hesitated, seeing that there was some gleam of a rescue. In this refusal they were encouraged by their lieutenant; when Mr. Richardson told this officer that he would make him set a good example to his men, and ordered the boatswain to cut off the end of a rope, and administer it soundly. After the third cut away bounded the astonished mynheer up the mast, and after him flew the requisite number of Dutch sailors, and the vessel got clear of the sand-bank. Every sail was now set for England, and Admiral Duncan soon appeared before Sheerness with all Storey's captured fleet.

Thus ended an expedition the failure of which, when planned by Mr. Dundas, was considered as almost impossible, and commenced with such brilliant advantages under Abercromby, that there was every prospect of ultimate success. The only benefit the country gained was from the admiral's disobedience; and the capture of the Dutch fleet almost annihilated the naval power of the Batavian republic, and more permanently secured to Britain the sovereignty of the sea. Duncan's spirited act saved the Duke of York from a parliamentary inquiry; for on the opposition affirming—"That although forty thousand men had been employed in Holland, great losses had been incurred, and the British had

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capitulated to an inferior force under very humiliating conditions." In answer to this the ministers endeavoured to prove—"That the expedition had not failed, since the enemy's ships had been captured by our fleet:" and on this plea the motion was rejected.

Soon afterwards, the hero of Camperdown gave up the command of his fleet, and the remainder of his days were passed in retirement. In height the admiral stood six feet three inches, and in person he was finely and majestically formed, and had muscular strength corresponding to such a stature. His private manners were amiable, unassuming, and virtuous, and he possessed all the elements necessary to the formation of a good naval commander.

Shortly before he left, the Kent, a prize supposed to be carrying treasure and arms to Ireland, was captured; and, on overhauling the vessel, a dozen large wooden cases, stowed away with great care, met the delighted eyes of the officers and men. The captors felt certain they contained money for the Croppies; and, doubtless, it would soon have been converted into the most valuable current coin of the realm, by the juggling and impositions of priestcraft, had it not fallen into infidel hands. On forcing open the lids, the mortified crew beheld nothing but crucifixes, carved virgins, saints by bushels, and other decoy toys to gull the benighted. Loud were the imprecations of the sailors



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on the senseless heads, trunks, eyes, and limbs of these figures of wood, ivory, and marble,—some being very valuable and of exquisite workmanship. The rigid Presbyterian admiral viewed the sight with utter abhorrence, and ordered that none should "defile their hands with the idols," but commanded Lieutenant Richardson to cast them all into the sea. The sailors, not relishing such ugly company, gladly lowered a boat, with the Romish boxes and their odious contents. In a few minutes the ocean was covered with images, relics, bleeding hearts, rosaries, and dispensations, sufficient to release Martin Luther out of the charitable hospital for wealthy souls, founded in 1439, by the Council of Florence, under the title of "Purgatory."

Adam Duncan paced his quarter-deck in high glee, as he beheld the finny tribe as much bamboozled and deceived as the Irish by painted and carved puppets: for the ignorant fish were lured by these shams, and fought for the saints as if they had been real flesh and blood. They bolted them by scores, and then writhed in agony to eject them on finding what indigestible trash they had foolishly swallowed. Mr. Richardson, while acting as grand inquisitor at this barbarous *auto-de-fe*, caught up an ivory image as it floated imploringly past him, and a few more were preserved in this manner by the sailors in the boat. Truly it was very hard upon the pitiable pope, who, having had his side pocket picked of

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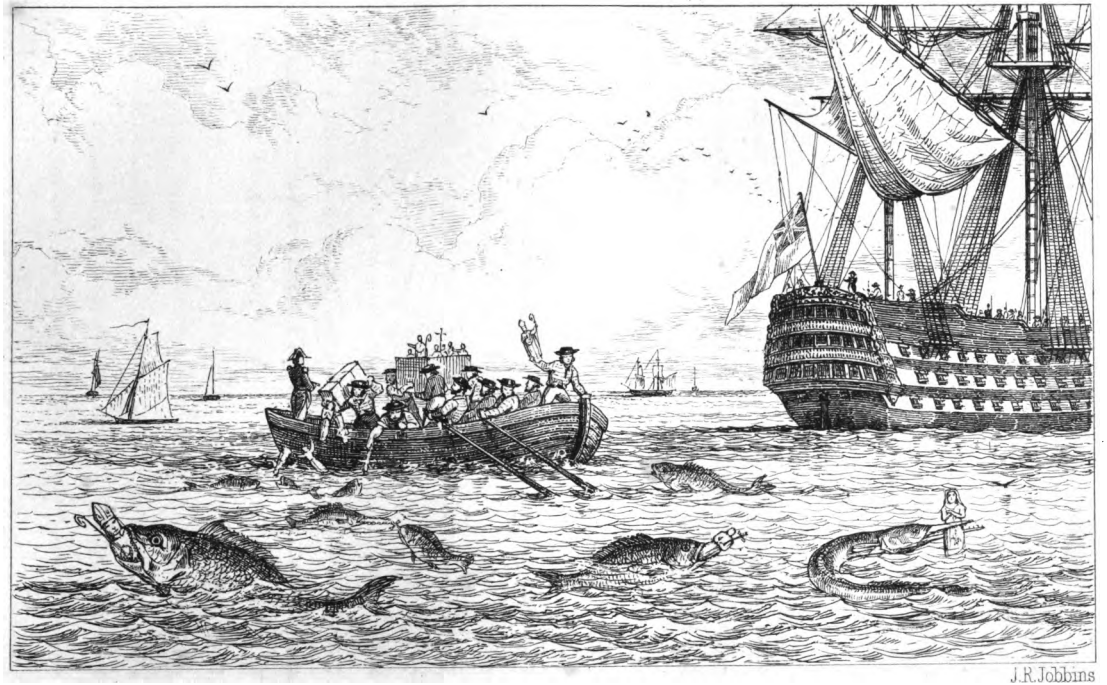


"He beheld the finny tribe as much bamboozled and deceived as the Irish by painted and carved puppets."
P. 98.

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every *sous* by his beloved son Bonaparte, calculated on replenishing his purse by this consignment to the revered priesthood of Ireland. Doubtless these persecuted lambs would have made twenty thousand per cent. upon their blessed and consecrated wares had they not been captured by British heretics.

It has generally been the practice to lay all the blame of the long and ruinous war we waged with France to the ambition of Napoleon, but he evinced himself far more anxious for peace than George the Third. No sooner was he a free agent, and firmly established as first consul in 1800, than he wrote the following letter to the King of England; and there are no grounds for believing that its expressions were not perfectly sincere:

"Called by the wishes of the French nation to occupy the first magistracy of the republic, I have thought it proper, in commencing the discharge of the duties of this office, to communicate the event directly to your majesty. Must the war, which for eight years has ravaged the four quarters of the globe, be eternal, and is there no room for accommodation? How can two of the most enlightened nations in Europe sacrifice commercial advantages, internal prosperity, and domestic happiness, to vain ideas of grandeur? Whence is it that they do not feel peace to be the first of wants as well as the first of glories? France and England may, by the abuse of their strength, long defer the period of its utter exhaustion, unhappily for all nations. But I will venture to say that the fate of all civilized nations is

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concerned in the termination of a war, the flames of which are raging throughout the whole world.

"I have the honor to be, &c.,

"BONAPARTE."

The reply of Lord Grenville, the secretary of state, was transmitted about the middle of January, and observed: "No real advantage can arise from such negociations to the object of general peace. The best pledge of the reality of better principles in France would be the restoration of the legitimate sovereign." A candid man may well ask, what earthly right had the house of Brunswick to restore a line of princes contrary to the will of the French people, and equally contrary to the very principles which had placed them on the throne of England, to the exclusion of the legitimate Stuarts? A very just and fair retort appeared shortly afterwards in the *Moniteur*, pretending to come from the last descendant of the Stuart family. It "congratulated George the Third on his accession to the doctrine of legitimacy, and summoned him to make good his principles by abdicating his crown in favor of the lineal heir."

England was, however, impelled, by court influence, to take a course as inconsistent as it was ruinous. The voice of the friends of economy and liberty were drowned by large interested majorities in both Houses. The

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misleading war-whoop was raised by government to gratify national prejudices; and as the bitter consequences were far off, they were, therefore, unheeded. Messages from the king to his parliament stated that his majesty was treating with the Emperor of Germany, the Elector of Bavaria, and other powers, for subsidies; and he desired them to make provision for such pecuniary engagements. The subsidizing of German troops is the great gulph into which the wealth of England has been profusely precipitated since the revolution of 1689. Common sense would dictate that a commercial island should carefully abstain from mixing in the rivalries and disputes of the continental powers. The succession of their sovereigns can be a matter of no interest to this country; and already the old wolf-cry of the balance of Europe has cost this nation more than the economy of ages can repair.

After Duncan's resignation of the fleet, in 1800, the Kent, Lieutenant Richardson's ship, was sent to reinforce Lord Keith in the Mediterranean. In consequence of the breach of the treaty between General Kleber and Sir Sydney Smith, a powerful naval and military force was at Gibraltar, under the respective commands of Admiral Keith and Sir Ralph Abercromby. On the 31st of January, 1801, the bulk of the British, intended to act against the French in Lower Egypt, anchored in the harbour of Marmorice. Bonaparte's

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generals had prosecuted the Egyptian war with varied fortune for the two years they had been in possession of the country, when the English armament was determined to be directed to its relief. Among the difficulties encountered by Sir Ralph may be reckoned the want of a single map which could be confided in, and the draught which was distributed among the officers proved ridiculously defective.

Sir Sidney Smith was alone acquainted with the coast, and the general was so ignorant of the force he was sent to oppose, that he rated it at ten thousand French and five thousand auxiliaries. This calculation exceeded the number stated in the official information sent from home, and on which the troops for the expedition were originally computed. It was afterwards found that the French army, which now possessed Egypt, amounted to thirty thousand, besides natives, who were reckoned at fifteen thousand more. These men were habituated to the country, elated with success, inured to danger, aware of the importance of their conquest, and determined to defend the possession of it. The English army that was to dispossess this formidable host, amounted to fifteen thousand men, of whom, from sickness, only twelve thousand were effective. This inferior force, totally unacquainted with the country, and unused to the climate, had to attack what thirty thousand of the best troops of the continent of

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Europe were to defend. Such was the relative state of the belligerents. Let us follow them to their conduct in that state, and mark what British soldiers and sailors, under an intelligent, valiant, and experienced general, can accomplish.

On the 23rd of February the Foudroyant, (Admiral Lord Keith,) the Kent, (Admiral Sir R. Bickerton, with Mr. Richardson first-lieutenant,) and upwards of one hundred and seventy sail of all classes, weighed anchor. The fleet presented a noble sight, from the greatness of the armament and the gaiety of the brave officers and men on board, who longed to wipe off old scores with the French, now that they were emancipated from the Duke of York. On the 1st of March the leading frigate made a signal for land, which proved to be the coast near Arab's Tower, and the next morning the whole fleet moored in Aboukir Bay. The men-of-war occupied the very ground on which the immortal Nelson had achieved the victory of the Nile; and the Foudroyant chafed her cables against the wreck of the L'Orient, and afterwards fished up her anchor. The French had timely notice for preparation, since the La Regeneree frigate had been in the midst of the English fleet the whole day before. She answered all the signals without exciting the least suspicion, and got safely into Alexandria with the requisite information.

The coast from Aboukir Bay round to the Nile pre-

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sented an appearance at once picturesque, striking, and formidable. The sea, full of shoals, rendered disembarkation extremely dangerous and difficult, and the shore and the adjacent country were covered with sand-hills. Among these the French were disposed in great numbers, with batteries in front; and the ground afforded the musketry such positions as enabled them to harass our troops in their attempt to land, and be secure themselves. General Friant had also stationed seven thousand men, with fifteen pieces of artillery, upon an almost inaccessible hill, which commanded the whole space of disembarkation. No situation could be more embarrassing than that of Sir Ralph Abercromby on the present occasion, but his strength of mind carried him through every difficulty. He had to force a landing, in an unknown country, in the face of an enemy more than double his number, and encounter obstacles which would have paralyzed the mind of a man less firm and less confident of the devotion and bravery of his troops. These disadvantages, however, served only to strengthen his resolution, for he knew that his soldiers were determined to conquer or to perish with him. Aware of the high hopes which the country had placed in both, he resolved to proceed in the face of dangers which some generals would have deemed quite insurmountable.

In consequence of gales, the troops did not embark

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in the boats before the 8th of March. At two in the morning a rocket was fired from the admiral, which was the signal for all boats to repair to the appointed ships; and the first division, amounting to six thousand men, formed in such order as they could maintain on the perturbed sea. The remaining brigades were put into ships that could approach close to the shore, so as to afford the most speedy succour after the first landing was effected. A detachment of one thousand seamen, armed to the teeth, under Sir Sidney Smith and Lieutenant Richardson, formed part of the landing force. They were nearly all the same men and officers who had done such effectual service in Holland, and were excellent artillerymen, dispensing with any assistance from the brute creation by dragging their own guns.

About half-past three, the boats being filled began to move off towards the rendezvous; three armed vessels were stationed in a line opposite the shore, out of gunshot, round which they were to form and await the order for pushing to land. Each flat-bottomed craft contained fifty men, exclusive of the sailors employed in rowing; and the soldiers were ordered to sit down on the bottom, holding their firelocks between their knees. The most solemn silence prevailed as they pulled to the appointed place of meeting,—a distance of five miles,—and nothing was heard but the hollow

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and dismal sound of the oars as they dipped into the water. A cutter and two gun-boats protected the right flank and three similar vessels that of the left. Two bomb vessels were placed in such a manner as to cover the landing with their fire; while the Petterel, Camelion, and Minorca were moored with their broadsides to the shore. By an admirable arrangement, each boat was placed in such a manner that, when the landing was effected, every brigade, every regiment, and even every company, was in the proper station assigned to them.

The boats continued arriving until after eight o'clock, and expectation was wound up to the highest pitch, when that in the centre, in which was the Hon. Captain Cochrane, R.N., threw out the signal to advance. Instantly the whole flotilla, with a simultaneous movement, was in motion, pulling eagerly to the shore. Although the rowers strained every nerve, such was the regularity of their pace that no boat got a-head of the rest; and the deep murmur of a thousand oars made answer to the cheer that urged them on. Thus they continued to advance unmolested, and not a Frenchman was to be seen, either on the sand-hills or on the strand. Suddenly, as they got within range, the enemy opened a tremendous and simultaneous fire from the artillery, which had been disposed on the hills that lined the beach and from the guns of Aboukir Castle. Shot and shells now fell in profusion, striking

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the water around the boats and dashing it upon the men, who, on approaching nearer, were assailed with a fire of musketry from three thousand foes. In addition, they received such a shower of grape as was probably never before directed against so small a point, and could only be compared to the effects of a violent hail-storm upon the water.

The troops, pent up close and unable to move, were exposed to this galling fire without the power of returning it, or taking any measures of defence. A flat, conveying part of the Coldstream Guards, was struck in the middle by a shell, which, bursting at the same instant, killed and wounded many and the rest went to the bottom. Fortunately some were picked up, but the sinking of a boat could be scarcely otherwise than fatal; for, embarrassed with belts, loaded with three days' provisions and sixty rounds of ball-cartridge, a soldier found it nearly impossible to swim, even if he knew how. The shore was in one continued blaze with the fire from the French and their batteries; but the undaunted British went on as reckless as the breeze that wafted them, cheering and hurrahing, without the power of returning a single shot. So far from being dismayed, they were only eager to reach that shore where, bringing arm to arm of Briton against Gaul, they knew that the loss of their comrades would soon be avenged.

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The comparatively little execution of musketry, unless directed by a steady hand, was exemplified on this occasion. Although the sea was as smooth as glass, with nothing to interrupt the aim of those who fired,—although the fire was so incessant that the soldiers compared the fall of the bullets on the water to boys throwing handfuls of pebbles into a mill-pond,—yet the killed and wounded were inconsiderable. The uproar and foam raised by the shells and large and small shot, compared with the little effect thereby produced, afford evidence of the saving of lives by the invention of gunpowder; while the flashes, smoke, noise, and force with which the bullets flew, gave a greater sense of danger than in reality had any existence. Sir Charles Richardson often remarked,—"That out of regard for the lives of his men, he always in battle got them into the thickest fire as soon as possible, since there was the highest point of honor and the least of actual danger."

It was nine o'clock when the first boats took the ground, and numbers of men were at this moment lost, being shot or bayonetted by the enemy, who had come down to the water's edge to receive the English. The latter, leaping out, formed and dashed through the surf to meet their foes; and the sea soon changed its color as they fought hand to hand among the very waves.

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"The rolling surge is stain'd around with blood,
And foamy purple swells the rising flood;
Helpless beneath the deep the dying sink,
And gore, with briny ocean mingling, drink."

Lieutenant Richardson having, by his former gallantry, recommended himself to Abercromby, became a constant guest at the general's table; and after dinner, when the intended landing was discussed, he asked Mr. Richardson if there was anything he wished beyond the request for a command on shore. The young officer replied,—"That the next honor he coveted was to convey himself, the commander-in-chief." This prayer was readily granted; and the next morning Richardson proudly steered his precious charge, while he directed the movements of the expedition.

When they were on the point of touching the ground, the French cavalry made a charge at the boats, and the colonel split in two the unprotected skull of a sailor who was toiling with a boat-hook at the head of the craft in which Abercromby sat. The corpse fell forward, and the pole was instantly seized by another sailor, while the horsemen galloped on under the lofty hills, and wheeled round for another charge. In the interim, hundreds of men had formed on the beach, and poured such a volley on the foe, now running the gauntlet of the whole British line, that the greater part of them were swept from their saddles. As the

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colonel spurred back past the general's boat, the enraged sailor who had taken the hook darted it out, and, catching the officer by his neck-collar, pulled him sideways from his charger, with his head falling across the boat's bow. Seizing the plume of his helmet with one hand, he coolly, with a self-satisfied grin, drew his cutlass with the other, and, chopping the conveniently-placed head off at a blow, exultingly shouted to his cheering messmates, as he whirled the gory trophy into the air,—"There is golden change, my boys, for copper!"—alluding to the difference of rank between the two bodies that lay close together.

The sailors, harnessing themselves to the field artillery, dragged it through the heavy sands under the fire of the batteries, to whose roar they replied with loud cheers; while the British troops rushed on to the mouths of the enemy's cannon, drove the artillerymen from their posts, and stood conquerors on the Egyptian shore. On the right, the 23rd and 40th Regiments, never firing a shot, charged with uncommon celerity up a hill, rising almost perpendicular from the sea, the sand giving way under their feet as they scrambled up. A brigade of the French, panic-struck by such intrepidity and the approaching line of levelled bayonets, precipitately retreated, leaving their cannon in a position which commanded the whole plain to the left. A regiment of cavalry charged the Guards as they came out of the

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boats, and cut down a whole company, owing to the error of a young officer. Although the enemy, by this mishap, occasioned a momentary disorder, yet the 50th, having formed on their right, both regiments awaited the approach of the cavalry with cool intrepidity. After allowing them to come within fifty yards, they poured into their ranks a well-directed volley, which so completely broke the charge that only a few of the horsemen reached them; the greater part of these were instantly bayonetted, while the rest fled in confusion. The contest on the shore lasted about twenty minutes, when the enemy gave way in every quarter.

Abercromby, seeing all his plans successful, joined his men while storming a steep hill, and clambered up after them, assisted by Lieutenant Richardson on one side and the major of the 92nd Highlanders on the other, while two or three burly sailors pushed behind and prevented him from slipping back. Thus supported, the old general reached the summit just in time to see a battery of six guns deserted, and the enemy routed at the point of the bayonet. Some dromedaries, ready harnessed, stood by the captured guns, and these were immediately yoked to facilitate the pursuit and harass the retreating foe. But as the drivers they had been accustomed to had fled, not one of these animals would stir at the voice of their new masters. They were determined not to yield to a foreign yoke, although the

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sailors used both the rough and smooth end of their tongues, aided by sundry kicks and blows, better described than felt. Yet all force and persuasion were equally useless; and after every imaginary means had been tried in vain, it was decided to destroy them, lest they should again fall into the enemy's hands.

In the conflict between such brave combatants, the engagement had necessarily been bloody and obstinate; and the French veterans found they had more formidable foes to encounter than those they had vanquished at Lodi and Arcola. They had upwards of four hundred killed; and numbers of wounded were left on the field, besides artillery, horses, and ammunition.

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## CHAPTER VI.

**Battle of Alexandria—The French Invincibles and the 42nd Highlanders—Lieutenant Richardson Acts as Sir Ralph's Aide-de-Camp—Coolness of Sir Sidney Smith—Victory and Death of the British General—Lieutenant Richardson appointed Commander of the Alligator, 28—Expedition against Surinam—Richardson Commands a Brigade of Seamen on Shore—The Inquisitive Crocodile—Sir Samuel Hood appoints Commander Richardson Post-Captain of the Centaur, 74—Lord Keith's valiant Scheme for Blowing up the French Flotilla at Boulogne—Captain Richardson Returns to England in the Centaur.**

A.D. 1801 TO 1805.

ON the 13th of March, 1801, a sanguinary engagement took place, in which the sailors, under Sir Sidney Smith and Lieutenant Richardson, emulated the troops with which they were associated. But the brigade was sadly reduced, as eighty-five were either killed or placed *hors-de-combat* in the fight on landing; however, their ranks were speedily recruited by eager volunteers from the ships. In this action the French had seven hundred and fifty killed and wounded, and their defeat obliged the troublesome castle of Aboukir to surrender on the 18th of March. Abercromby had now got his heavy cannon on shore, and, having all the means and re-



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sources about him that he could command, his sole object was to bring about a decisive action while his troops were in health and flushed with recent victory. To their great delight the army had procured an ample supply of water by digging; for Sir Sidney Smith had previously told them that, wherever date-trees grew, this necessary article of life would be found. This was discovered to be true; and thus Sir Ralph was relieved from an apprehension which, if realised, might have compelled him to abandon the object of the expedition.

By his memorable defence of Acre, Sir Sidney had obtained very great influence among the Arabs, who communicated to him every information which they deemed important. On the evening of the 20th, an Arab chief sent a letter to this commander, acquainting him that General Menou had arrived, and intended the next morning to attack the British camp. Lieutenant Richardson had so much distinguished himself, that Abercromby appointed him one of his aides-de-camp. When they were seated together, after dinner, Sir Sidney rushed in and begged an immediate private conference. "Speak out," said the general, "for we are all friends here." Upon this Menou's intentions were made known, and directions were immediately issued for the army to be prepared and on the alert. The new French commander-in-chief had brought with him forces that swelled his ranks to fourteen thousand men, with a large train

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of artillery; while the British, including the brigade of seamen, only amounted to twelve thousand. The latter occupied a line of about a mile in extent, having a sandy plain in their front, with the sea on their right and the lake of Aboukir on their left, while their flank was covered with gun-boats and redoubts filled with artillery. Here Menou, confiding in his superior force in men and cannon, resolved to attack them on the following morning, and such were the circumstances that led to the hard-fought battle of Alexandria.

About three o'clock in the morning of the 21st of March, the action commenced by a false attack on the left of the English; and, when anxious attention was turned to that quarter, loud shouts were heard on the right, and the most vigorous efforts of the eneny were directed against that point, which they used every possible exertion to turn. The attack was begun with great impetuosity by the French infantry, sustained by a strong body of cavalry, who charged in columns. These were received by our soldiers and sailors with equal spirit, and the utmost steadiness and discipline. General Menou had proclaimed a reward of a *louis d'or* to each man in any regiment that would volunteer to turn the British right. This was undertaken by a corps styled the Invincibles, amounting to nine hundred picked men, and until this morning they had deserved the name. Preceded by a six-pounder, this column came silently

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along a hollow, when it was still so dark that an object could not properly be distinguished at the distance of two yards.

As soon as the enemy appeared, Colonel A. Stewart, with the 42nd, hastened to meet them, the piper of the regiment playing

"Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye waukin' yet?"

Never did Scotland's sons give greater proofs of courage or more quickly vanquish and annihilate their opponents. For the Highlanders, after a brief and fierce struggle, completely routed the Invincibles, and six hundred and fifty (thirty-seven of whom perished in the deadly combat to save their colors) lay extended on the ground. Major Stirling, of the 42nd, took the Invincible standard, and, delivering it to Sergeant Sinclair, directed him to retire to the rear. While doing this he was intercepted by the surrounding cavalry, and, being severely wounded, the standard was lost; but it was immediately recovered by a soldier named Lutz, of the Queen's German regiment, who shot through the back a French officer in the act of galloping away with it, and the colors fell from the hands of the dying man. Lutz having reloaded his piece bore away the prize, when he was attacked by a couple of dragoons, one of whom received a ball through the head and the other fled. The soldier got safe to head-quarters, where he

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received a handsome reward; and, when the battle ceased, the standard of the Invincibles was presented to the expiring commander-in-chief.

No sooner had the 42nd completed their victory than a large body of cavalry, coming round, charged them in the rear, while a fresh column of infantry marched up to them in front. In this double danger Colonel Stewart made every disposition of which the exigency could admit, and the undaunted Highlanders fought with foes in front, flank, and rear. But in recounting the feats of British heroism, we need not dwell on the achievements of one part; for every column, whether English, Scotch, or Irish, had the hearts and hands of the Highlanders. Nor were these efforts confined to the army; for the merry sailors displayed their usual reckless valor, and gave an important turn to the contest. General Abercromby closely watched and directed the execution of the plans he had so successfully formed, and shared the danger with his troops. Lieutenant Richardson, mounted on a swift Arabian pony, at one time acted as aide-de-camp, and at another headed the tars in their attacks on the enemy.

Sir Ralph had dispatched him with an order to a distant part of the field, when Sir Sidney Smith stopped him as he was galloping through a heavy fire from a battery opposite. The hero of Acre began writing a few lines on a scrap of paper, when a cannon-ball

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struck the ground in front and covered both officers with sand. Sir Sidney coolly wheeled round his horse, presenting its hinder quarters to the enemy and proceeded with his note, when a second shot nearly cut his steed in two, and the rider came to the ground. In a minute he was on his feet and desired an orderly behind him to dismount; but while in the act of doing so, a third ball carried the dragoon's head off his shoulders. Sir Sidney, vaulting into the vacant saddle, observed, "I need not have asked the poor fellow for his charger!"

The note being finished, Lieutenant Richardson attempted to start again on his mission, when he was nearly jerked backwards by a powerful pull from behind. On looking round he beheld the Kent's boatswain, with his cutlass in one hand, while the other held firm the long tail of the Arab: "Let go, you rascal," shouted the lieutenant. "Not so, sir," said the sailor; "I have been by your side in every fight, and I will not leave my officer when alone; so I shall hold fast, unless you will let me ride behind you!" As there was no time for argument, the tar was told to jump up; and the little spirited nag cantered away with the two men as if they had been children, amidst the merriment of the British columns.

During Mr. Richardson's absence, Sir Ralph, having dispatched his other aides-de-camp with orders to the

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different brigades, was left alone for a few minutes, when the French cavalry charged impetuously on the rear. It was on this occasion that the brave general received a mortal wound from some dragoons, who, having attacked the old veteran, shot him in the upper part of the thigh. On falling from his horse one of the enemy attempted to run him through the body; but the gallant Abercromby sprang up and wrested the sabre from his antagonist, who was immediately bayonetted by a Highlander. Sir Sidney Smith at this moment came up, wounded, and with his sword broken in fighting his way through the enemy, when Sir Ralph, with a smile, presented him with the weapon he had wrenched from the dragoon's hand. Without taking the slightest notice of the dangerous wound in his thigh, the general walked calmly to a redoubt near in order to watch the progress of the action, giving his directions with his usual coolness and intrepidity. The blood, which had hitherto trickled down unknown to all but himself, made him feel faint; and when the flight of the enemy rendered exertion no longer necessary, he requested to be placed on a hammock.

By this time the French were repulsed on every side, and Menou ordered a retreat, having had three thousand men killed and wounded, including the loss of three generals. Fifteen hundred of the English were killed and wounded, fifty-four of whom belonged to Richard-

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son's brigade of seamen. Sir Ralph was carried on the hammock to a boat amidst the tears and prayers of his men, and conveyed on board the admiral's ship. After patiently suffering every attempt to discover the fatal ball, he expired on the 28th of March, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He was a most distinguished general, and his commands were important and uniformly successful. In the management of his officers and men he united every allowable indulgence, consistent with military discipline and the most rigid exaction of professional duty. He was beloved and revered by his army, and they followed him with the assurance of victory when he was at their head.

The battle of Alexandria decided the fate of Egypt, and, after various minor engagements, the British captured Cairo. General Menou soon after capitulated, and a convention was concluded. It was agreed that the French were to be conveyed to their ports in the Mediterranean, with their arms, artillery, baggage, and effects, within fifty days from the date of ratification. Such was the issue of Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt: there, as in all their undertakings, the French prospered until they encountered the forces of Britain. Then all the mighty preparations and boasted achievements of four years, in pursuit of Napoleon's favorite object, perished without leaving a wreck behind.

The day after Abercromby was mortally wounded,

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Lieutenant Richardson returned with the seamen under his command, and, on reaching the Kent, he was promoted to the first-lieutenantcy on board the Penelope, 36, (Captain Henry Blackwood.) This frigate, with another of forty guns, sailed shortly afterwards for England, but not before the subject of this memoir had received from the sultan (in conjunction with other officers who had distinguished themselves in Egypt) the order of the Crescent, encased in a splendid golden medallion.

One dark night the Penelope and her consort fell in with two French frigates, when Captain Blackwood immediately gave chase, and, as he passed his companion, hailed him with the words,—"I will stop them until you come up." Captain Blackwood soon overtook the enemy and commenced a brisk fire against both his opponents, expecting speedy assistance from the slower sailing and larger frigate. To his great dismay, however, he beheld her throw out the signal to return, and he was obliged to relinquish the unequal contest by the orders of his superior officer. On coming back the mortified Blackwood passed close alongside Captain M——'s ship, when the latter officer called out,—"I say, Blackwood, I think they are too strong for us." "They are for me," rejoined the angry Captain Blackwood, "but certainly not for *us!*"

A tar on board the Penelope sung out in the dark,

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"I say, friend M——n, put that in your pipe and smoke it."

After refitting at Portsmouth, the Penelope was ordered to convey Sir A. Ball and suite to Malta; and on that vessel arriving at the island, Lieutenant Richardson was nominated, on the 11th of July, 1802, acting-commander of the Alligator, 28, *armeè en flute*. A treaty of peace was signed by the French and British plenipotentiaries on the 27th of March, and thus terminated, for a short period, a war which had been attended with an unparalleled profusion of blood and treasure. Bonaparte having obtained a brief respite from strife, immediately turned his splendid talents to the benefit of his country. On the one hand he extended his authority abroad, and on the other he promoted the internal arrangements of his dominions. Chambers of commerce and agriculture were established throughout the republic, and societies were organized for the encouragement of arts and manufactures. In order to consolidate his power and influence over all ranks and professions in France, Napoleon re-established the Roman Catholic faith, and, having thus secured popularity, he claimed and obtained the suffrages of the people to prolong his consulate for life. A new constitution was next imposed upon the country, by which he invested himself with the right of making war and peace. He also became head of the church, merely tolerating the

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Italian bishop, Pius the Seventh, as a useful engine to carry out his own private interests.

On the 8th of March, 1803, a message from the King of England was brought down to both Houses of Parliament, which was received all over Europe as the signal of approaching hostilities between Great Britain and France. Two months afterwards the English ambassador, having obtained his passports, quitted Paris, and his majesty's declaration of war was issued on the 18th of May. England commenced the contest alone, being deserted by her base allies whom she had so liberally subsidized; yet no state ever stood in a better position to defy either an open or a secret combination of foes. Her navy was complete mistress of the Mediterranean, the Baltic, the Gulph of Mexico, and Indian seas. From the point of Florida to Cape Horn, from Madagascar to Japan, every island, port, and place were under our command and at our disposal. To these we may add Egypt, Syria, Natolia, Cypress, Candia, the Morea and Grecian islands, besides Malta, Sicily, and Lisbon.

The country was disturbed in July by another Irish insurrection, which, from its supposed connection with the projects of the enemy, created considerable alarm. Its instigators formed the design of establishing an independent republic, and hoped to accomplish it by striking a decisive blow in the capital, possessing them-

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selves of the seat of government, and proclaiming the new constitution which they had prepared. A large body of armed rebels collected on Saturday evening, the 23rd, for this purpose, and marched unresisted through the streets of Dublin, on their way to the castle. Meeting a carriage in which was the lord-lieutenant, Kilwarden, his niece, and also his nephew, (the Rev. R. Wolfe,) his lordship was recognised, and a mob, hitherto concealed, rushed forward, armed with guns, blunderbusses, pikes, and swords. Some seized the horses by the head and dragged the postilion from his seat, while others rushed to each side of the vehicle and opened the doors. Miss Wolfe jumped out in a state of distraction, and was received in the arms of one more humane than the rest, who carried her through the crowd, unhurt, to an opposite house, where she remained secreted. Whilst some were dragging out Lord Kilwarden and his chaplain, others were employed in murdering them, and their bodies were soon pierced with numerous mortal wounds.

The alarm being immediately given, the drums beat to arms, and the castle garrison marched to the scene of riot. The military, being taken by surprise, had brought but a few rounds of ammunition; consequently, as soon as it was expended, they were obliged to resort to the bayonet. The rebels, on the other hand, being well armed with long pikes, repulsed their opponents

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for a short time. Fresh forces soon poured in, and artillery, with guns loaded with grape; and the rioters were completely routed in all directions, leaving great numbers of their dead in the streets. The soldiery had not only to contend against those opposed to them, but also with numbers who were stationed in the houses and fired upon them from the windows, while others hurled down bricks and stones upon their heads from the roofs. During the night the principal streets and roads were guarded by the troops; and, so soon as the morning dawned, the dead bodies of the rebels were taken to the castle-yard to be identified. Among them were several women, who were found with knives in their hands, and the corpses were all of the lowest orders of society. No person of decent appearance was found or recognised, since their leaders, with that foresight so peculiar to all Irish agitators, prudently avoided the storm they had successfully raised.

The country remained quiet, awaiting the issue of the attempt on the capital; but the prospect of obtaining arms brought about one serious collision, which ended in loss of life. A corporal, named Edwards, and four privates, belonging to a militia regiment, were attacked at Ballyporeen by upwards of a hundred armed desperadoes, who demanded their firelocks. The soldiers, with one voice, refused to yield them; and the corporal drew a line across the road, and directed his men upon

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no account to pass it or separate from each other. The ruffians immediately assailed them on every side, upon which the men took steady aim and levelled three of their opponents. This so terrified the rest that they instantly fled, and the soldiers marched without further molestation to Clonmel.

By the activity of the police a depôt was discovered, containing thirty thousand pikes, together with a large amount of ammunition and muskets. The insurgents were hunted out of their retreats; and information having been obtained that a stranger of suspicious appearance had been observed in the house of Mr. Muley, a gun-maker, a detachment of militia repaired to the place about ten at night. On making a search they discovered the man secreted in a garret, and on asking him some questions, he instantly drew forth two loaded pistols, which he snapped at them, but fortunately both missed fire. Immediately he was pinioned and carried to the castle, where he was identified as Russell, a leader in the former rebellion, whose life had been mercifully spared. However, he returned to Ireland after the declaration of war, with a view of disseminating those treasonable principles which led to the loss of his life. He was invested by the committee of United Irishmen with the title of "General of the Northern District," and, having served in the army, he was well calculated to promote the cause in which he had engaged. In

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addition to his military knowledge, he was possessed of that species of popular eloquence which can inflame and rouse the passions. The loss of this man threw a damp over all the plans of the rebels, and the insurrection was totally repressed.

In the report of the state trials that took place after this outbreak was suppressed, the following laconic evidence of a soldier under examination occurs:

*Witness:* "We were going up the street when we met three armed rebels with green cockades; one we shot, another we hanged, and the third we flogged and made a guide of!"

*Council:* "Which did you make a guide of?"

*Witness:* "The prisoner there, that was neither shot nor hanged."

In April, 1803, Commander Richardson returned from the Mediterranean and was stationed for a short period in the firth of Forth. The Alligator being a handsome frigate, was visited daily by gay parties from the shore, many of whom were very troublesome, and tried the patience of the officers and crew. Two ladies, the younger of whom had but one eye, came alongside the ship, and the captain sent his lieutenant, an Irishman, to shew them everything worth seeing. The brogue of their conductor drew forth much merriment from the elder female, greatly to the officer's chagrin; but this was suppressed until the lady began to criticise every-

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thing she saw in the vessel. This was too much for the Irishman's gallantry to endure any longer; so he roared out, amidst peals of laughter from the tars: "By my sowl, miss, yer craft carries too much metal for me to engage any longer! Faith, I'll sheer off, and lay alongside that sister of yours, with the pane broken in her sash!"

A few days afterwards, Commander Richardson was ordered to join Commodore Hood on the West India station. On reaching his destination he was immediately appointed to the command of the flotilla employed at the reduction of Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice. In a little more than two months these three valuable Dutch colonies surrendered, and Captain Richardson's exertions were highly spoken of in the public dispatches. On the 25th of April, 1804, the Centaur, 74, bearing the commodore's broad pendant, accompanied by the Pandour, 44, Seraphis, 36, and Alligator, 28, three sloops of war, and numerous transports, having on board two thousand troops, came to anchor about ten miles off the river Surinam. On the 27th a corps of seven hundred men, commanded by General Maitland, was directed to effect a landing, the object of this being to facilitate an approach to take possession of Fort Amsterdam. The enemy, by means of their fortified posts, ships of war, and other armed vessels, were completely masters of the navigation. Their defences were Bramspoint,

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mounting seven guns; Fort Amsterdam, placed on the confluence of two rivers and armed with eighty-four pieces of ordnance; Fort Leyden, with twelve heavy guns, situated on the opposite bank to Fort Amsterdam; and two hundred yards lower down the river was the battery of Frederica, with twelve 36-pounders. In addition to these there was another, a little further on, mounting ten large guns, with its rear protected by impracticable marshes and woods; and the fire of all these batteries intersected the channel for ships going up the river.

The Pandour, Emerald, and Alligator, having the 64th Regiment on board, got under weigh to attack Bramspoint, which commanded the mouth of the Surinam. On pushing over the bar, a fire was opened on the ships, which was silenced by well-directed broadsides; and, the entrance being thus secured, a considerable part of the men landed the next day, and the ships of war proceeded up the river as far as the tide would admit. Captain Richardson and the colonel of the Engineers set out to explore the country, and procure intelligence respecting the possibility of reaching the forts by marching through the woods. They, fortunately, found some negroes, whom they engaged as guides, and reported, on their return to the general, that there was a practicable way by which troops might be conducted to the rear of Frederica and Leyden. The



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result was, that a detachment under Brigadier Hughes, and one hundred and thirty well-armed seamen under Captain Richardson, landed at half-past ten in the evening at Resolution, sixteen miles from the point of attack. A great quantity of rain having recently fallen, it was found that the path, at all times difficult, had become a swamp and almost impassible. But no obstacles could damp the ardour of our men, who, with persevering courage, pushed on in the darkness and pouring rain, and, after a laborious march of five hours, they arrived at the rear of Frederica battery.

Instant preparations were made to storm it; and the seamen, headed by their determined leader, Captain Richardson, sprung forward to the assault, supported by the troops with fixed bayonets. The garrison, deeming themselves impregnable on their rear, and, only expecting foes from the river quarter, were astounded on perceiving the tars climbing up their defences. Soon recovering their surprise, they attacked the sailors, who had hard fighting to maintain their ground, until succoured by the soldiers. The enemy, after a brief combat, fled to the neighbouring fort, (Leyden,) closely followed by the victorious English, who entered the place nearly on the heels of the fugitives. The Batavians found time to blow up the magazine, which exploded under the pursuers, and many of the British officers and men were severely wounded.

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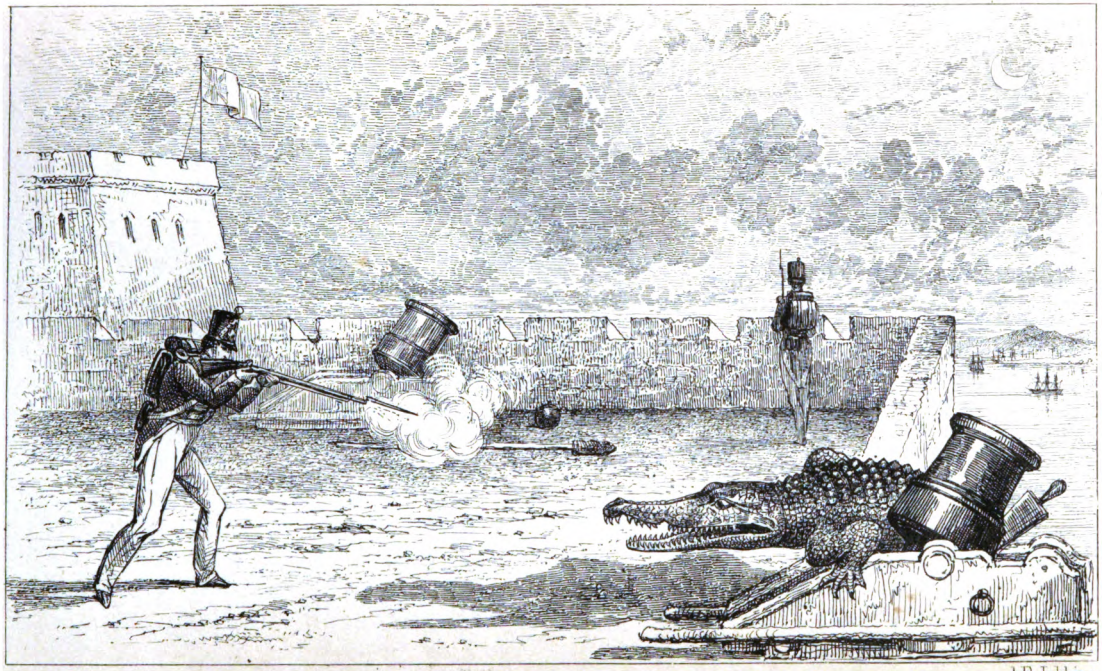

J.R.Jobbins.

"The soldier terrified at such a formidable visitor,—fired at the monster"
P. 131.

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Notwithstanding this disaster on entering the works, the seamen and soldiery, without stopping a moment, rushed over a narrow causeway seven hundred yards long, in the face of five pieces of artillery, that showered grape-shot upon them; and so irresistible was the attack, that the enemy, after some firing, called for quarter. This was generously granted by the conquerors, although they were highly exasperated at the conduct of the Batavian troops in blowing up the powder magazine. By this brilliant affair a position was secured by which a heavy fire could be brought on New Amsterdam, which surrendered after some resistance, and this was immediately followed by the capitulation of the whole colony.

The night after Frederica was taken, an unexpected circumstance occurred which aroused the wearied British, and gave them reason to expect a fresh struggle with the enemy. Alligators were in the list of agreeable neighbours at the fort, as they abounded in the adjoining savannah; and in their journey down a small, muddy stream to the river, they often visited the fosse surrounding the place. Sometimes they were bold enough to ascend the works and peep like spies from the ramparts, but always retreated on the slightest alarm. On the night in question, one of these huge saurians suddenly approached a sentinel as he was standing at his post within the fort; the soldier, terrified at such a formidable visitor, in the impulse of surprise and fear,

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fired at the monster, and spread an alarm throughout the garrison. The guard instantly turned out and the troops flew to arms; but, before they could reach the point of alarm, the alligator had disappeared, and a heavy splash in the fosse announced his successful retreat.

Captain Richardson's gallantry and decision, during his late perilous command, received especial notice from the commodore and led to his further advancement. For although he was the junior commander in the fleet, Sir Samuel Hood, in July, appointed him post-captain of the Centaur, 74, an act which the admiralty confirmed on the 27th of September ensuing.

Towards the latter end of 1804, the enemy had assembled a large flotilla at Boulogne, and the English ministers were induced to sanction a project for destroying the whole by means of copper vessels of an oblong form, filled with combustibles, and so constructed as to explode by clock-work in a given time. These vessels were to be towed and fastened under the bottoms of the enemy's gun-boats, by a small raft rowed by one man, who, seated up to the chin in water, might escape detection in a dark night. Fire-ships of various construction were also to co-operate in the attack, and active officers were distributed in the different explosion vessels. The whole was under the orders and directions of Lord Keith, who had influenced Lord Melville to countenance this visionary scheme. On the 2nd of October the British

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admiral, with his formidable fleet, anchored about a league and a half from the port of Boulogne. The appearance of one hundred and fifty hostile vessels in the outer road presented a favorable opportunity for executing an enterprise, respecting which the public curiosity had been strongly excited.

The enemy was not inattentive to his defences: the batteries were prepared for the attack, and a large army was drawn up in readiness for whatever might be the result. So greatly were the English ministers interested in its success, that Mr. Pitt, with the other members of the cabinet, were induced to witness the anticipated disastrous scene from the elevation of Walmer Castle. Here they anxiously awaited the promised moment when thousands of Frenchmen would be viewed ascending like skyrockets, and turning somersets in the air under the potent influence of British gunpowder. At nine, during a heavy fire from the fleet, which was returned by a tremendous one from the hostile batteries, the first detachment of fire-ships was launched. As they approached the French line, the vessels composing the flotilla opened a passage for them, and so effectually were they avoided, that they passed to the rear of the line without doing the slightest damage. A second, third, and fourth succeeded no better, and the engagement ceased about four on the following morning. The French flotilla received no visible damage, although

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Lord Keith stated in his report that he thought it possible some brigs might be destroyed. Thus terminated an enterprise, in the preparation of which much time, expense, and ingenuity were wasted, and which brought upon the government general derision and contempt, both at home and abroad.

In the West Indies Sir Samuel Hood, during an eight months' cruise, took a great number of the enemy's privateers and ships of war. He thus afforded the most ample security and protection to our trade, and also procured a large amount of prize money for the officers and men who had the good fortune to be under his command. While in the South Atlantic, the Centaur sailed close by Tristan d'Acunha, an island rarely visited by ships in those days, since it lies about fifteen hundred miles from any land, either to the west or north. As no one on board knew anything concerning it, Captain Richardson was determined, when so near, to discover something more of the place, and, having manned a boat with well-armed men, he proceeded on his exploring expedition. The island appeared about sixteen miles in circumference, and, on the north side, rose perpendicularly from the sea to a height, apparently, of a thousand feet or more. A level then commences, forming what is termed "table land," and extending towards the centre, from whence a conical mountain rises, not unlike in appearance to the Peak of Teneriffe.

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On landing, the captain found the beach a mass of porpoises. These did not evince the slightest alarm at the sight of the sailors, until the men, tempted by the fat, fleshy backs of the animals, plunged their pikes into them, and aroused the large shoals, which tumbled into the sea, tinging the waves with their blood. For some time the party from the Centaur could not find any road into the island; for on one side there was the perpendicular rock, and on the other the prickly cactus formed an impenetrable barrier. At length a well-trodden path was discovered, which evidently showed that inhabitants would be found on the table land; and Captain Richardson proceeded to ascend it, having first desired his men to be prepared for any sudden attack.

A roar that re-echoed from rock to rock, and a heavy tramp as if a troop of wild elephants were bearing down upon them, caused the sailors to retreat into the sharp-spiked cactus hedge, which pricked them sorely. In another moment the short, oval flat heads, with the tusks directed downwards, denoted the approach of a large herd of walrusses. The leaders received a volley, which did not check them much; while the tars, with pikes and cutlasses, stabbed and slashed away as fresh numbers pushed on those that preceded them. The coxswain, being determined to capture one, thrust his boat-hook under its tusks, and, three or four seamen holding on at the same time, they fairly threw the

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monster down. The narrow path being now blocked up by the prostrate carcase, the crush and bellowing of the beasts behind was redoubled, as they scrambled and tumbled over their fallen companion, to the infinite merriment of the sailors, who allowed the remainder of the herd to escape without injury.

The party proceeded onwards, and found a large plain covered with the nests of sea-fowl and what appeared to be old haycocks. The captain went up to one, and, on peeping inside, a large albatross, uttering a harsh, disagreeable cry, darted out its neck, and made its long bill, which terminates in a large hook, meet through the flesh and muscles of his left hand. The officer instantly drew his sword with the right hand and severed the bird's neck from its body; and, like the "Ancient Mariner" in Coleridge:

> "With one cruel blow he laid full low
> The harmless albatross."

Richardson descended from the nest "a wiser and sadder man," with the head dangling on his hand. He was relieved by one of his men from the gripe of this natural vice, and the head of the man-of-war bird (as it is termed by navigators) was carefully preserved as a memorial of the event; and a long scar between the thumb and forefinger marked for life the injured part. Cautiously avoiding the haycocks, the captain

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and the seamen prosecuted their search through the island, and to their surprise they found two inhabitants that had been shipwrecked on the reef of rocks,

One was an Englishman and the other an Irishman: the former spent his time in rearing pigs, while the other cultivated potatoes. They possessed an unfailing supply of sea-fowl and eggs, and had recovered many useful articles from the wreck. They had seriously quarrelled respecting religion; and so mutual was their hatred, that, although dependent on each other for food, they never exchanged a word. Captain Richardson offered to take them on board the Centaur, but they refused to leave a spot in which they evidently enjoyed themselves, and were made very happy by some useful presents from the ship. They had a couple of fine Spanish bloodhounds with a litter of pups, and were persuaded by the captain to part with one of the latter, which became, of course, a great pet on board with both officers and men.

Captain Richardson returned home with Sir Samuel Hood in March, 1805; and, on the Centaur being paid off, he found himself at liberty to visit his friends and old haunts for the first time since he entered the royal navy in 1787.

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## CHAPTER VII.

The Captain on Shore—"The course of true love never runs smooth"—The Butter Skipper—Sir Francis Lindley Wood, Bart., of Hemsworth Hall—Run with the Badsworth Foxhounds—The Royal Navy *versus* the Merchant Service—Captain Richardson appointed to the Cæsar, 80, by Admiral Sir R. Strachan—Chase after M. Villaumez—The Impeteux, 74, Destroyed—Captain Richardson rescues a Drowning Midshipman of the Cæsar—The Holy Scriptures prove "a friend in need."

A.D. 1805 TO 1808.

CAPTAIN RICHARDSON felt truly like a fish out of water on first leaving the Centaur, but soon found plenty of occupation in visiting his naval friends, and making a tour of the southern watering places, which his health required after the trials of a West Indian climate. It was three months before he could hear anything certain respecting the distribution of prize-money, when he ascertained at the admiralty that his share would amount to two thousand pounds. He determined to look out for a small land investment, taking care to retain sufficient to cover the expenses of plate, furniture, and stores, whenever he got a ship. He had left a school at Bampton, in Westmorland, at fifteen, for the midshipman's berth on board the Vestal. Now that he was a post-

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captain, his thoughts were bent on revisiting the scenes of childhood, particularly as he had fancied himself desperately in love with a pretty village belle of twenty.

With the increase of years his dulcinea del Bampton became more and more an angel of perfection to his imagination. He ever saw her before him just as he left her, — young, fair, elastic, with pearly teeth and sparkling eye, unscathed by age, untouched by that unrelenting monster Time; which had added to him, at thirty, a bronzed face, strongly-developed features, and a swinging gait acquired on the quarter-deck. But he had another and more sensible reason for visiting Westmorland. He remembered a prettily-situated cottage overlooking Hawes water, standing amidst fine old yew-trees and thick hedges, where many a truant hour had been passed in seeking birds' nests and blackberries. Every year, however, the nests and fruit became less objects of interest, and the beautiful lake at his feet more deeply rivetted his attention. And when this fair scene was no more beheld, and nothing but the wide sea met his wearied eye on the long night-watch, he wiled away many an hour in schemes for obtaining the Hawes water cottage.

To purchase this little property, — to find out his first and only love, — to woo and win her and half starve in a cottage, — were all positively decided upon, when, in July, 1805, he walked hastily into the inn yard at

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Penrith and ordered a chaise to Bampton. His worthy schoolmaster, Mr Bowstead, welcomed him with sincere pleasure, and entered warmly into his plan of purchasing the estate of thirty-six acres. On being sounded as to the other project, the vicar observed that the fair one was at home, and "looking as well as most people of her years." This last remark sent a chill through the captain's frame and made him very fidgetty, for he had never taken into account her probable age. However, he was not the man to shrink from danger, so the next day he boldly bent his footsteps to the abode of the lady.

On reaching the door, he gave a more gentle tap than even that he had placed on the shoulder of De Winter, when the portal instantly flew open as if by magic. The sight of his gold-laced cap produced a low curtsy, and "Please what may you want, sir?" from a middle-aged, bilious-looking, sharp-nosed little woman. Richardson started back with a cold feeling at his heart; for he had his misgivings from the tone of her voice, which was the only remaining index of the past. "Is Miss T—— at home?" said he, in a low accent, scarcely daring to mention that name lest she should instantly appropriate it to herself. "I am the young woman, sir!" sharply answered the lady, in reply to the astounded officer, who saw it was a necessary case for retreat. Quickly recovering himself, therefore, he burst into a loud laugh and said,—"What fools we sailors are! Why, I ex-

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pected to find you as young and as handsome as you were fifteen years ago, and that you would know me directly." Miss T—— bristled up, well pleased at the compliment, and asked him to walk in. Her father soon recognised his visitor; and, the captain's love fit being perfectly cured, he was in high spirits at not having betrayed himself to the lady.

On shaking hands at parting, he was invited to dine the next day and meet a brother captain, but, ascertaining that the said officer commanded a butter-smack between Whitehaven and the Isle of Man, he politely declined the intended honor. In addition, he felt rather disgusted when his former love assured him that the skipper was considered quite a beau by the Bampton ladies. This termination of his love affair was a great mortification to Richardson, who began to feel annoyed, also, at the familiarity of those who still viewed him in the light of a school-boy, and smiled incredulously at his tales of battle and flood. But the greatest vexation was, that they perpetually drew comparisons between his adventures and those of the toping butter captain, and always gave the palm to the latter; since his pugilistic victories over Whitehaven boatmen, and narrow escapes from the coastguard when smuggling, could be readily conceived and credited.

To furnish the parlour in his cottage as much like a cabin as possible, was Captain Richardson's first em-

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ployment on obtaining early possession. Instead of ejecting the needy tenant, he was placed in charge of the house, and established there (rent free) for life. Richardson's kindness of heart was unbounded; and the poor, whom he remembered as residents of the parish in his school days, received solid tokens of beneficial relief.

At the approach of winter he left Westmorland, and proceeded to pay a long-promised visit to his relative, Sir Francis Wood, residing at Hemsworth, in Yorkshire. It was a two days' journey in those slow times; and about noon on the second day he reached Wakefield, where he exchanged the dirty stage-coach for the baronet's roomy and handsome carriage. Musing on what kind of reception he was likely to receive, and wondering at the milder climate in this southern part of Yorkshire, he was aroused, and the coachman stopped, by a loud "halloo! halloo!" Glancing at the window, he observed a shooting party in a turnip field, and a tall, noble-looking, handsome man, about thirty years of age, galloping towards the carriage. He held a gun under his arm, and three or four pointers scampered at his heels, which, to the chagrin of the other sportsmen, put up the partridges right and left as they followed in their master's wake. A white hat, green shooting coat, cords and gaiters, composed the exterior appearance of the rider, who, with a countenance beaming with kindness

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and pleasure, jumped off his cob, and, with extended hand, welcomed the captain, and introduced himself as Sir Francis Wood.

Richardson saw in a minute that he had met with what he had so long sighed for—a real friend, a man after his own heart, and from that moment

"He lo'ed him like a vera brither."

The father of Sir Francis Wood was a distinguished naval officer who was killed in action, and his son had succeeded early in life to a baronetcy and large landed estates in the county of York. He was universally popular with all parties, although he was a steady Whig and a leading partisan of Lord Milton's in the great contest, in 1807, between the rival houses of Fitzwilliam and Harewood. He had graduated with credit at Cambridge, and studied with attention and benefit at Lincoln's Inn. When an invasion was threatened he raised a body of volunteers, and he afterwards joined the First West York Militia, and was present with that regiment in Ireland during the stirring times of the rebellion. At the period we now introduce Sir Francis Wood, he had laid aside his law books and the sword, and settled quietly at Hemsworth, with the reputation of a clever magistrate, good landlord, and keen foxhunter. He possessed a great taste for literature, a highly-cultivated

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mind, and a generous heart. In the society of such a man time flew fast and ennui was impossible.

"I think the frost is going, Richardson," said Sir Francis, one evening late in December, as he listened to the rain that began to patter against the windows, "and we shall be able to hunt in the morning."

"I never mounted anything bigger than a Westmorland pony," said the captain; "and can you expect me to ride one of your hunters?"

"You must," replied the baronet, "for the hounds meet here. Besides, my friend Joe S—— has a captain in the East India Company's service staying at Badsworth Hall, who is sure to be out, and it will not be correct for a man-of-war to be distanced by an Indiaman."

"Never!" growled the officer, knitting his brows; "and you will please to tell Mr. Joseph S—— that a captain in the tea trade is not on an equality with a post-captain in his majesty's service, who ranks on shore with a colonel in the army."

"Hollo," said the other speaker, laughing, "do you expect to encounter another butter-skipper? Well, good night; here is your bedroom candle."

The sailor, without answering a word, walked slowly up stairs, wondering how the case would stand, in twenty-four hours more, with his neck and limbs.

A fine morning, after a soaking, wet night, aroused

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all the household early; and by nine o'clock a long breakfast table was spread out for a score of fox-hunters, who, as fast as they arrived, were received by the smiling baronet with a hearty welcome, and were introduced to Captain Richardson. The side table was loaded with meat, game, and an enormous cold Christmas pie, while hot mutton chops, grilled fowls, and turkeys' legs, were handed round in abundance. To the nervous, and those who felt a little uneasy at riding their well-fed hunters after a three weeks' frost, sherry, cherry brandy, and Noyeau, with corks ready drawn, hold out a tempting recipe to expel timidity and instil courage. At ten the huntsman, whips, and pack, appeared on the lawn, and paraded before the windows, and in a short time the whole field filled the space in front of the hall, the riders lifting up their hats to the owner, who was surveying the scene with evident delight. Three or four servants carried round large cans, foaming with ale, which they distributed, first to the horsemen, and afterwards to the villagers, who always came in for a glass, and joined, as they raised it to their lips, in wishing "Long life and health to Sir Francis!"

But now the master of the hounds mounts, and all follow. Richardson receives a quiet old veteran of the stables, that had seen above a dozen seasons, and well knew how to take a leap, most easily for himself and



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his rider. "Only stick on, and keep behind me, captain," whispered Sir Francis Wood; "and never mind about steering old Catton, for he will follow me anywhere." Soon a favorite hound gave the sure note of a find, and "Tallyho!" shouted the pimple-faced, red-nosed gamekeeper, as pug popped over the wall of Hagg Wood, with a brush that raised the ambition of many a youthful foxhunter. Gathering up his double reins, and clenching his teeth with a fixed determination to stick on, the post-captain dashed after his leader, who knew well all the gaps in the line of the run. When at last they were obliged to take a high leap, Richardson found himself in a far better plight than he expected, for his fine animal just tipped the fence, and came down easily into the next field, allowing him time to recover a lost stirrup.

Matters had not fared so well with the merchantman, who, driving his heels into the ribs of his thoroughbred, had gone off at score under the deluding influence of the cherry brandy, and had suddenly come to a check by his young horse stopping short at the aforesaid hedge, and shooting him over it. But Joe S—— caught the flying steed, and soon had his man mounted again, telling him to ride after Richardson, and go a head; and in five minutes more he was splashing at the heels, and trying to pass his rival. Now they alternately took the lead, embracing the necks of their

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horses at every leap, and twisting back again into their saddles, amidst the cheers of the sportsmen, each of whom backed his favorite. After running five miles, reynard was headed at Thorp, and turned homewards, retreating in nearly the same line he had advanced. By this time the wrists of the East Indiaman were tired and powerless with holding in his hot youngster, which began to buck and pull tremendously so soon as his head was turned homewards.

Making a bolt, and getting the bit in his teeth, away the horse dashed, and flying twice the necessary height over the first fence, his panting rider was placed on the curve of the animal's neck, rather nearer the ears than the saddle. This was an undesirable, unstable seat, which even a packed parliamentary committee in its favor would not have enabled the sitting member to retain. But he held it long enough to ride over two or three hounds as he passed through the pack, in full cry. "Hold hard!" shouted the huntsman; "I am holding as hard as I can," screamed the tea captain, as he fell heavily to the ground. Richardson, forgetting the pace he was going at, turned round to look at the unhorsed man, and in an instant reeled over the tail end of old Catton, who stood perfectly still, waiting to be re-mounted. But the captain thought only of his fallen opponent, to whom he offered assistance. Taking his hunter's rein in one

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hand, he gently put the other within the yielding arm of the East India officer, and all rivalry was forgotten. Laughing at their exploits with the Badsworth, they reached that village, where the fox, having run to ground, the invitation to an excellent lunch from Mr. S—— repaid the sportsmen for the disappointment of a kill.

About six years after this run with the hounds, Captain Richardson, in the Semiramis, 36, was convoying a fleet of ships in the channel, when, one dark night, a big vessel ran into the frigate, and shattered her in such a manner, that she was in great danger of sinking. Signals of distress were fired, and at daybreak a fine, large East Indiaman was seen bearing down to the rescue. On passing the Semiramis to take her in tow, her commander took up his speaking trumpet, and sung out to Captain Richardson, "Holloo, Richardson, you must allow a merchant captain to take the lead this time, for you never gave me a second chance with the Badsworth hounds." The frigate was safely towed into the nearest port, and this circumstance cemented a lasting friendship between the two commanders.

A few days after the memorable ride with the foxhounds, the following letter, from his old commander and friend, was handed to Captain Richardson at the breakfast table:

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"*London, Dec.* 25, 1805.

"DEAR RICHARDSON,

"The admiralty have given me a small fleet to pursue M. Villaumez, who has escaped from Brest, and I shall be delighted to have you as my captain in the Cæsar, 80. If you accept my offer, come instantly.

"Yours ever truly,

"RICHARD STRACHAN."

The captain's eye sparkled with delight as he read this flattering letter, which he handed to Sir Francis, as he rose to pack up his portmanteau; saying, at the same time, "I have to beg a last favor of you, after already receiving so many, and that is, to request your carriage at the door in half an hour." The baronet did not press his relative to remain a moment longer, when such an excellent appointment was offered, and promised a good home for Queen, the Tristan d'Acunha bloodhound, as well as a place for the head of the albatross in a cabinet of curiosities.

After a warm parting at Doncaster, to which place Sir Francis drove Richardson, he proceeded day and night in post chaises, and presented himself the next afternoon before the admiral. He then found that the French fleet consisted of eleven sail of the line and four frigates. To cope with this force, two British squadrons were ordered immediately to put to sea, one of seven sail of the line, under Admiral Sir B. Warren;

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and the other of six sail, under Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Strachan. At the latter end of January, 1806, Sir Richard sailed, and proceeded straight to the island of St. Helena, in search of the French squadron, which was originally destined for the Cape of Good Hope. Having touched at the Isle of Noronha, the French admiral was there informed of the capture of that settlement by the English, and upon this information he proceeded to San Salvador, in Brazil.

Sir Richard Strachan not being able to find his opponent anywhere, returned home early in May to receive fresh instructions. Having obtained certain intelligence that M. Villaumez, after quitting St. Salvador, in April, had steered to the north-west, the British admiral was again ordered in pursuit, with the Cæsar, 80, (Captain Richardson,) six seventy-four's, and two thirty-six gun frigates. On the 19th, this fleet sailed from Plymouth, in great hopes of finding the enemy; and Sir John Borlase Warren had received orders to be ready to renew the search in the same direction. M. Villaumez having collected the whole of his squadron at Martinique, again put to sea and steered north. It was fortunate for him that he did so, as on the 12th of July, (only the day after,) Warren arrived at Barbadoes with a superior force. The English admiral had, as usual, lost several days from inactivity, and under pretence of contrary winds,

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although he had received peremptory orders to sail. To this unjustifiable procrastination the French admiral owed the escape of his squadron. On the 8th of August, Strachan, having in vain cruised some time off Madeira and the Canary Islands, anchored in Carlisle Bay, Barbadoes, and on the 13th set sail again in search of the French, of whose movements he had now received good information. The officers and men began to cheer up, and calculated on soon meeting the foe they had pursued for months. But Villaumez, fearing the activity and vigilance of this fresh enemy, determined to consult the individual safety of his ships, by dispersing them in different directions.

On the 14th of September the Impeteux, 74, was standing up for the Chesapeake, when she was descried and chased by Sir Richard Strachan's squadron. Having taken ground as she attempted to escape, the frigate, Melampus, shortened sail and fired a broadside at her, whereupon she hauled down her ensign. The British ships anchored about a mile from the shore, in five fathoms of water, and with their boats burned the Impeteux and made her crew prisoners. Two other seventy-four's, which got into the Chesapeake and escaped the disappointed sailors, were eventually destroyed on the American coast.

In 1807 the ministers conceived strong apprehensions of a maritime confederacy against Great Britain,

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which they determined to counteract by the timely adoption of decisive measures. They sent out to Denmark a powerful armament, consisting of twenty thousand men and a fleet of twenty-seven sail of the line, with vessels of all descriptions. Admiral Gambier, one of the lords of the admiralty, proceeded to the sound with the main body of the fleet, in which the army was embarked under Lord Cathcart. Such had been the secrecy attending these preparations, that the whole force had actually left the ports of England many days before its destination was ever suspected. Upon the ground of Napoleon's design to forcibly employ the Danish navy against this country, Mr. Jackson, the British envoy, demanded the delivery of their fleet into the possession of Admiral Gambier.

The prince royal of Denmark refused so humiliating a proposal, although it was stipulated that it should be restored at the conclusion of the war between this country and France. On the 16th August the English army landed and closely invested Copenhagen, while the fleet, removing to an advanced anchorage, formed an impenetrable blockade by sea. On the 2nd of September the land-batteries and the bomb-vessels opened a tremendous fire upon the devoted city, with such effect as to wrap it in flames and threaten a general conflagration. The bombardment was vigorously maintained until the morning of the 5th, when

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the commandant of the garrison sent out a flag of truce. The British army took possession of the citadel, dockyards, batteries, and the vessels of war; and eighteen ships of the line, fifteen frigates, with some smaller vessels, constituted the amount of the capture. With the exception of one man-of-war, which grounded on the Isle of Huen, and was destroyed, they were all brought safe to England in the latter end of October. During the time that the Portland ministry had recourse to such unfair and discreditable means for opposing the growing power of France, Bonaparte pursued his career of conquest. He triumphed invariably over the imbecility of our confederations, over the folly of cowardly subsidies, and the futility of detachments and expeditions sent at various times against one compact and mighty power.

Towards the end of 1807, Sir Richard Strachan was cruising in the Bay of Biscay, and took many valuable prizes. Captain Richardson and the admiral always agreed together in pursuing the most energetic measures against their country's foes; but both possessed a hasty temperament, that sometimes produced a slight breeze. One morning Sir Richard, out of sheer mischief, ventured to interfere with the captain as he was giving orders in a heavy gale of wind. "I think I should know how to reef a topsail by this time!" muttered the offended officer. Sharply turning

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round, and looking him full in the face, the admiral slowly drawled out,—"And pray, sir, who, in the name of heaven, taught you?" Richardson, self-convicted, apologised for his hasty words, and determined never again to retaliate when vexed by his early patron.

On taking the command of the Cæsar, Captain Richardson made a bargain with Sir Richard, that if any man was punished or fell overboard the admiral should not interfere. When off Rochfort, a young midshipman, who was playing with his messmates, fell overboard, when the ship was going eight knots an hour, and the consternation was so great that no instant measures for relief were taken on deck. Hearing the tumult the captain looked out of his cabin, and saw, forty feet below him, the youth on the point of sinking. Throwing open the window he dived down to the middy, who, before he could well recover himself from such a plunge, seized him by the throat. In vain Richardson tried to extricate himself from his grasp, for, as fast as he got one hand loose, the other held on more tightly. His only remedy was to hold the boy under water until he became nearly insensible; and, being thus disengaged from his gripe, the captain supported the midshipman with one hand and kept afloat with the other.

The danger of both was seen on board, yet no one dare report it to Sir Richard, since they had received

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such strict orders to the contrary. The only available boat was lowered with a crew, when, in the confusion, the tackling on one side was not loosened, and the lieutenant in charge, the seamen, boat, oars, and mast were all turned over into the water. The brave officer, on rising, seized, with ready presence of mind, the floating mast, and with all his powers struck out towards his exhausted commander. The lieutenant soon reached him, and, after seeing his captain safe on the mast with the half-drowned middy, he swam back to the Cæsar, as the spar was fully weighted, amidst the cheers of all on board. The admiral, being aroused by the general bustle, rushed on deck and was furious at not being summoned. Jumping into the righted boat, he had soon the pleasure of bringing back safe the boy and the gallant Richardson, whom he scolded well for his rashness.

In February, 1808, Sir Richard Strachan proceeded in quest of a French squadron under Rear-Admiral Allemand, who, however, had the good fortune to reach Toulon without meeting his formidable pursuer. The Cæsar, while cruizing off the French coast, anchored one evening about a mile from the shore, and towards night the wind veered round and raged with the fury of a hurricane. As it blew direct from the southward, there appeared every probability of the vessel parting from her anchors, in which case she would inevitably

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have been dashed to pieces on the rocks. Captain Richardson made it a rule never to retire to rest when the slightest danger was apprehended in any ship under his command. He always kept himself awake by taking strong coffee, and on this night he was engaged in reading the Holy Scriptures. Often did he feel (he would observe) the support and peace of mind which they afforded, when every sea washed over the ship and every plunge of the straining vessel seemed to be its last.

Listening to each change in the tempest, the captain sat with his Bible before him, and by chance commenced reading St. Paul's shipwreck, in the twenty-seventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. As he proceeded every verse became more interesting, and somewhat similar to their present situation in the very same sea. For instance: "And when no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away." But on coming to the twenty-ninth verse, — "Then fearing lest they should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern,"— he jumped up with his authority in his hand, ran to the admiral's cabin and awoke him, exclaiming, "St. Paul is a better sailor than any of us!" In a moment the cause for the interruption was explained, and the verse carefully read over and considered. Five minutes afterwards Captain Richardson's loud voice was

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heard, ordering anchors to be cast out from the Cæsar's stern. This evidently relieved the ship, and her safety depended entirely upon her cables, which did faithful service until daylight, when the wind got round and the gale died away.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

Operations at Sea in 1809—Basque Roads—Destruction of Three French Frigates—The Scape-goat—Mr. Congreve in Action with his Rockets—Night Attack of Explosion Vessels and Fireships—French Squadron Driven on Shore—The Cæsar aground—Intrepidity of Lord Cochrane Marred by the Nervousness of Admiral Lord Gambier—Napoleon's Opinion of this Channel Commander-in-Chief—Court-martial on a Lord of the Admiralty—Sir Arthur Wellesley prevented reaping the fruits of the Battle of Vimeira—Spanish Bravoes catching a French Tartar.

A.D. 1809.

THE operations of Great Britain were, in 1809, as usual, prosperous at sea; and the French fleet, consisting of eight sail of the line and some frigates, was blocked up in Brest harbour by Lord Gambier, commander-in-chief in the channel. In the beginning of February, the latter having been compelled to quit his station on account of the continued prevalency of westerly winds, Rear-Admiral Villaumez seized that opportunity and effected his escape. The French ships passing within Belle Isle, were discovered on the 23rd by the look-out frigate of Rear-Admiral Stopford's squadron, consisting of the Cæsar, 80, (Captain Rich-

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ardson,) bearing the flag of Admiral Stopford, who had succeeded Sir Richard Strachan; the Defiance, 74; and Donegal, 74. A flight of rockets soon conveyed the intelligence to Stopford, who got under weigh; and at daylight, on the 24th, the French were seen entering Basque roads, where they were joined by four sail of the line and two frigates.

Three frigates, being completely cut off, steered for the Sables d'Olonne, and came to anchor, in line of battle, close under the powerful batteries of the town. At ten the British ships stood towards the former, in the following order: — Cæsar, Defiance, Donegal, and Amelia, 38, and opened their broadsides within six hundred yards. In return they received the fire of the three frigates, as well as the heavy batteries on shore, which kept up an incessant cannonade on the English. In about an hour, unable to withstand the destructive fire of their opponents, the Italienne and Cybele cut their cables and ran on shore, and the Calypso drove on the beach, stern foremost. The ebb tide making, and the water falling fast, the admiral at noon was compelled to signal his ships to stand out, as the British squadron were not able to remain any longer to finish the business. The three frigates having taken ground at high water, could not be got off, and were consequently wrecked.

Not deeming themselves safe in Basque roads, the

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French removed higher up in Aix roads, where they anchored in such a manner as to afford mutual support, and at the same time be under the guns of their own forts. If they found themselves overpowered here by the assault of the British, they had the entrance of the river Charente open to them, into which they might escape. The British admiral blockaded the enemy for many weeks; and as the hostile fleets lay within sight of each other, the sailors on both sides tried to annoy their opponents in every possible way. The French, hearing that the English had no fresh meat, placed a large billy-goat in an open boat, and, when the tide was favorable, it was carried into the midst of Stopford's squadron. The animal was fastened in a sitting posture, on the stern of the craft, and to his shaggy beard was affixed this lable: "A present of roast beef to John Bull." This jest called forth the ingenuity of the tars to retaliate upon their obliging friends with a better joke, in which the poor goat had again to take a prominent part.

The French had a common expression amongst themselves of "bah!" when they quarrelled, or were excited in conversation. In consequence of this, our seamen applied the exclamation as a nickname, shouting out "bah!" whenever they saw or met a Frenchman. They determined, therefore, that the goat should be their herald, and proclaim aloft, to the assembled foe,

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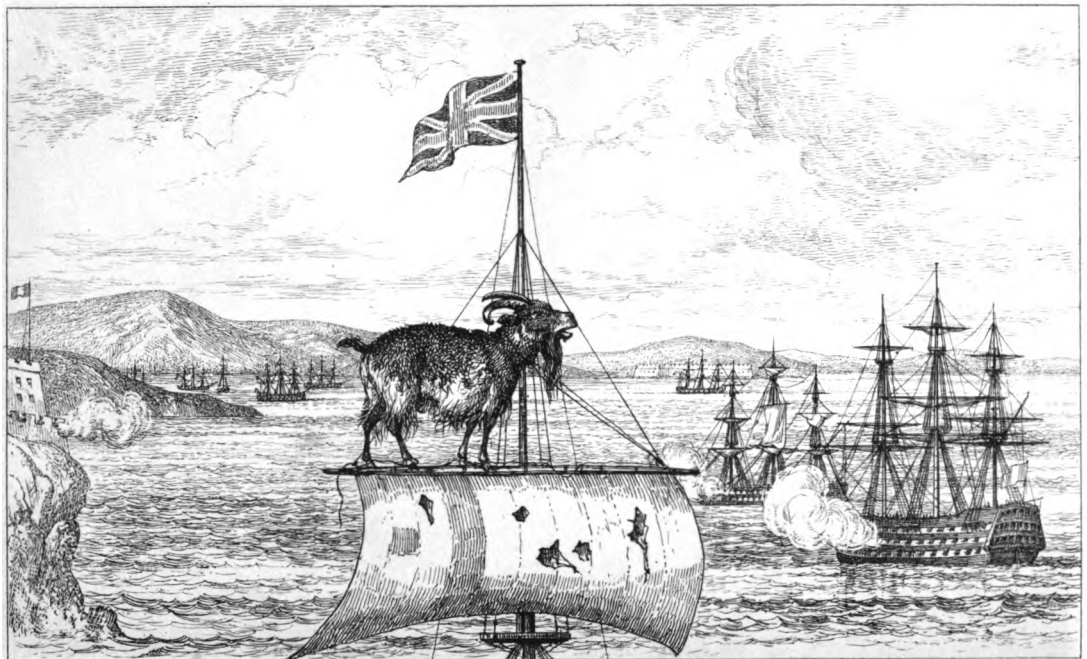

J.R Jobbins.

"Whenever a shot struck the hull, the frightened goat bleated out, bah! bah! bah!

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the vexatious sounds, "bah! bah!" from a hostile vessel. An old, worthless sloop was begged, and fitted out to appear like a fire-ship, and the unfortunate billy-goat was bound fast to the mast-head, and a few sailors, setting every sail, steered straight for the centre of the enemy's line.

The crew took to their boat when within reach of danger; and the French, not doubting for a moment the nature of the vessel, and expecting every instant that it would be enveloped in flames, fired their broadsides at it in rapid succession. Whenever a shot struck the hull, the frightened goat bleated out, "bah! bah! bah!" This apparent mockery so enraged the Frenchmen, that they pointed their guns at the mast, and tried to bring down the unwilling offender from his lofty perch. All this time the delighted British tars were cheering and waving their hats from the yard-arms and rigging of their ships, and enjoyed beyond description the success of their hoax, which terminated harmlessly to all, not omitting the innocent scape-goat.

As an attack upon the French in their strong position was evidently hazardous, and required the most prompt exertion and bravery, the admiralty thought proper to send Lord Cochrane on this important and arduous undertaking. To mar, as far as possible, so good an appointment, he was placed under the orders



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of Lord Gambier, who superseded the experienced and resolute Stopford in the command of the fleet. Lord Cochrane came out in the Imperieuse, 34, with orders to make an attempt to destroy the enemy's fleet by means of fire-ships. To enable him effectually to do this, five bomb-vessels were allotted to him, and Mr. Congreve proceeded in a transport to join the fleet with a supply of his rockets, and of men skilled in the management of them.

As the direction of the explosion ships were entirely entrusted to Lord Cochrane, he determined that they should be complete in every respect. Three vessels, one of which he intended to conduct himself, were equipped under his immediate inspection, and twelve more fire-ships were placed at his disposal. The French fleet, consisting of fifteen ships, was protected by batteries on shore, and a boom half a mile in length, composed of cables secured by anchors, and floated by buoys, which was thrown across the channel leading from Basque to Aix roads. The existence of this formidable boom was not known to the English until after the attack commenced. The batteries that protected the anchorage mounted thirty long 36-pounders, besides several mortars of the largest description, and the island was garrisoned with two thousand troops. The Isle de Aix and that of Oleron contained gun and mortar batteries, each of which had three tiers of

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guns, all of heavy metal, and the navigation, to get at them, was very difficult, for in some places there was only four fathoms of water.

Vice-Admiral Allemand immediately perceived the nature of the attack in contemplation, and directed the armed launches and boats of the fleet to be assembled in five divisions, and to take their stations near the boom. There they remained, for the purpose of towing away the fire-ships and of engaging any British boats that might be sent down to assist the latter in their operations. The wind, although in its direction as favorable as it could blow for the progress of the destructive vessels, was too violent to admit of one part of the plan, viz., of chaining the ships together in divisions of four; each, therefore, acted an independent part under one officer. On the night of the 11th of April, the fire-ships, led by Captain Woodridge, and the explosion vessels by Lord Cochrane, proceeded to the attack.

The Cæsar, Captain Richardson, and another man-of-war, were stationed in advance as guides to the fire-ships, which were to pass them before lighting their fusees. The night was dark and stormy, and of the three explosion vessels, one got entangled with, and was swept away by, a fire-ship, being too early abandoned by its conductors. Lord Cochrane approached as near the enemy as he possibly could, and perceiving

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that they had taken the alarm, set fire to the fusee, and betook himself, with his companions, to the boat. The lieutenant who accompanied his lordship expired through fatigue, and two of the sailors were so exhausted that their lives for some time were despaired of. They had not left the vessel five minutes before she blew up; the effect of the blast was not known, from the general uproar that ensued and the howling wind, but may be conceived from the manner in which they were prepared. A single one contained fifteen hundred barrels of gunpowder, fastened to each other by cables wound round them, having moistened sand rammed between, so as to render the whole from stern to stern quite solid. On the top of this mass of gunpowder lay three hundred and fifty shells charged with fusees, and there was nearly as many thousand of hand-grenades.

Several of the vessels were ignited, and abandoned by their officers before they even got abreast of the two men-of-war stationed as guides; and the Cæsar had two sailors killed and some wounded, by one drifting and exploding close to her. Others were admirably conducted, and Captain Woodridge, in the Mediator fire-ship, snapped the boom, and thus opened a clear passage to the remainder. So resolved was the gallant commander of this vessel, laden with missiles, to execute properly his duty, that both himself, the officers, and

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men who had volunteered to accompany him, nearly perished. The gunner was killed, and the captain, two lieutenants, and one sailor, were blown out of the ship; the latter were only slightly injured, but Woodridge was severely scorched. Dark as was the night, the sky soon became illumined by the glare of so many fires. The scene was sublime and awful, with the flashes of the guns from the batteries and ships, and the flight of shells and congreve rockets.

Lord Cochrane had no sooner reached the Imperieuse, after igniting his explosion vessel, than he proceeded with his flotilla to the attack. He was joined by the boats of the fleet, which, under the direction of Stopford and Richardson, were assembled alongside the Cæsar. When the boom was burst through, the French cut or slipped their cables from terror of the fleet of flaming bodies approaching, and by midnight the whole of them were aground. A fire-ship grappled with one, which got rid of its burning opponent after the loss of fifty men. The Tonnere, 74, threw all her guns overboard, and cut away her mainmast, but nothing could save her, as she had already bilged, and the Jean Bart also lay a wreck. Although the fire-ships had not done the injury that was expected, both Cochrane and Stopford felt certain of destroying the whole fleet of the enemy with a little assistance from Gambier.

Therefore, at daylight, on the morning of the 12th,

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Lord Cochrane telegraphed to the commander-in-chief: "Half our fleet can destroy the enemy; eleven of them on shore—only two afloat." But the nervous lord of the admiralty decided not to try any dangerous experiments himself, yet, to save appearances, he made the signal for the fleet to unmoor and weigh. Pretending, afterwards, that it was hazardous to run into Aix roads, he anchored again at the distance of three miles from the ugly-looking guns of the fort on the island. The English captains, who were eager to advance upon an easy prey, were kept back, and they had the mortification to observe most of the grounded ships begin to get upright. In about an hour, when the tide suited, six of them escaped up the Charente, beyond the reach of further attack.

Lord Cochrane, although deserted by Gambier, dropped in the Imperieuse towards the enemy, and signalled for assistance, at the same time engaging the Calcutta, 56; Varsovie, 80, and Aquilon, 74. Three gun-brigs, the Insolent, Growler, and Conflict, not knowing exactly which master to obey, tried to please the admiral, and not entirely desert Cochrane, by dropping outside, so far off that their shot could take no effect. When the commander of the flotilla found that they would not obey his orders to come closer into action, he fired his maindeck guns into them, and soon brought their hesitating commanders into an

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effective position. After a time, Lord Gambier made a signal for the Indefatigable, 44, to weigh, but the wind being unfavorable, she proceeded very slowly. Shortly afterwards, two line-of-battle ships and five frigates got permission from the admiral to proceed in the direction of the heavy firing. This was a full hour after Lord Cochrane had signalled: "The enemy is superior to the chasing ship, which is in distress, and requires to be assisted immediately."

During this delay the Imperieuse continued engaging her numerous foes, and on the approach of the Indefatigable, at half-past three, his lordship's crew gave them a round of hearty cheers, which was answered by the others, who set to work in real earnest. The Indefatigable, 44, turned her double-shotted guns upon the Varsovie, 80, and the others took their station in the form of a crescent, close around the enemy's ships. The Varsovie, 80, and Aquilon, 74, at half-past five, made the token of submission, by each showing a union jack in her mizen chains. At six the Tonnerre, 74, was set on fire by her officers and crew, all of whom landed safe upon Isle Madaine, and the ship soon after exploded. The Calcutta was set on fire by the midshipmen of the Imperieuse, and blew up with a tremendous explosion, her hold containing an immense quantity of gunpowder and other ordnance stores.

A spirit of rebellion in the majority of the fleet now

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set the British admiral at defiance; for five line-of-battle ships and one frigate were still assailable, lying at the mouth of the Charente. Captain Richardson got the heavy Cæsar, 80, under weigh, and as there were no fire-ships left, the officers of that vessel had hastily converted three transports into fire-ships, with some launches to throw congreve rockets. They then stood towards Aix roads, to conduct further operations against the vessels which lay exposed to an attack. Unfortunately, at eight o'clock Richardson's ship struck on a shoal and could not float until ten, when five other captains, who had deserted Gambier, joined the Cæsar. The fire-ships were committed to the charge of Captain Bligh, who found it impracticable to get at the vessels lying near the entrance of the Charente, but removed the French prisoners and their effects from the Aquilon, 74, and Varsovie, 80, and set them on fire. At four on the morning of the 14th, the Cæsar, Imperieuse, and the other ships, with great difficulty worked back to their anchorage, owing to the shallowness of the water. Having been unable, from the velocity of the tide and the direction of the wind, to advance as far as the stranded vessels, they decided to renew the attempt so soon as the tide would permit.

The jealous Gambier, being informed of this, sent at noon two letters to Captain Cochrane. One was public, to shew the officers, directing him to renew

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the attack, but adding that "it would not succeed." The other, marked "*private*," was part flattery and part imperative: "You have done your part so admirably, that I will not suffer you to tarnish it by attempting impossibilities; you must, therefore, join me, as soon as you can, with the other vessels." Cochrane, encouraged by the other officers, to whom both notes were shown, (although the signal of recall was flying from the Caledonia, 120,) telegraphed back: "We can destroy all the ships which are on shore, if your lordship will only permit us to do so."

Lord Gambier was so enraged at this message, that he immediately dispatched Captain Wolf, of the Aigle, 34, to supersede the disobedient and plain-spoken hero, and to take the command of the Aix flotilla. The Imperieuse, riddled with the enemy's shot, was compelled to leave the unfinished scene of her exploits, and stand, with the other ships that had been fighting, towards the recreant commander-in-chief. On casting anchor near the Caledonia, one of the officers, whose ship had been sadly damaged by the enemy's fire, lamented her crippled condition to a brother captain, an Irishman, who had kept safe out of the fray with the admiral. Sundry reflections were also cast upon those who had remained behind, but these did not raise a blush or make the slightest impression. On the contrary, with a solemn, puritanical face, the ready son

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of the Emerald Isle poured forth these words of condolence and consolation: "My dear friend, 'whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth;' but as for us Irish beggars, we go, you see, scot free!"

The next day Lord Gambier took decisive measures to prevent his successful rival from accomplishing the undertaking which the admiralty had sent him to perform. He sent Lord Cochrane home in the Imperieuse with dispatches, having on board the captain of the Caledonia, to contradict any unfavorable reports that might be spread by the officers and crew of the frigate. Captain Wolf, as might be expected, was not allowed to act against the four French men-of-war that remained with their guns thrown overboard, and only required to be taken possession of by the flotilla. Their officers could not understand the infatuation and panic that possessed the English admiral. In an intercepted letter, written a day or two after Cochrane's dismissal, by the captain of the Regulus, 74, he said: "The enemy continue in Isle d'Aix road, to the number of twenty sail, and they have not made any movement whatever these three days, which is a thing not to be at all understood, for they might easily attack us and oblige us to abandon our ships."

Lord Gambier's dispatches reached the admiralty office on the 21st of April. He wisely took no notice of any disobedience of orders, nor explained his reasons for

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sending Lord Cochrane home. But he spoke grandiloquently of "the success of his majesty's fleet under my command;" and the pronoun "*I*" usurped the lawful place of "*they*" in the direction and execution of every prosperous attack. It is only fair to remark, however, that Lord Gambier was greatly to be pitied, since he was an excellent and amiable man in his private character, upright in his dealings, and strictly religious. But his profession was totally unsuited to his nerves, pursuits, and intellect, and he would have been as much a credit to the bench of bishops as he was the contrary to the list of admirals The very motto on his coat of arms,—"*Fide non armis*," ("by faith, not arms,")—ought to have made him pause before he selected a warlike calling or took a responsible command. His devotional feelings were so strong that he would not be disturbed by the most important business when his chaplain was performing divine service.

On the Sunday morning after the late actions, the admiral's ship made the signal for all the others to go to prayers. The Cæsar was the outside vessel, and Captain Richardson, before the service commenced, ordered a sharp look-out to be kept. In about half an hour a fine frigate was espied from the mast-head, making direct into the midst of the English, supposing them to be friends. The enemy was immediately re-

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ported to Captain Richardson, who fired a gun to warn the admiral, but no one dare disturb him at prayers. The Cæsar then hoisted French colors and fired a second and a third before Lord Gambier could be aroused, and then it was too late; for all the fleet, excepting the watchful Cæsar, had their colors flying. The Frenchman, seeing the nest of hornets he had run into, got speedily round, and escaped two frigates that, after some delay, were sent in pursuit.

Lord Gambier sailed for England on the 29th April, very well satisfied with the result of the expedition. One ship of 120 guns, five 74's, and two frigates, were driven on shore, and some rendered usless; while one 80-gun ship, two 74's, one 50, and three frigates, were burnt. Lord Cochrane, being determined to bring Lord Gambier's conduct before Parliament, gave notice of his intention to the first lord of the admiralty. Mulgrave, fearing exposure, persuaded his partner at the board to demand a court-martial, which would silence further inquiry. To try a lord of the admiralty by such a tribunal was a mere farce, and considered in that light by the nation. The only witnesses examined were his own captain, and those who remained at a distance with Gambier's ship, the Caledonia. These were interested in making the best story they could, and in defaming Cochrane, when their own reputation was at stake. The captain of the Emerald and Captain

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Richardson of the Cæsar, who commanded the advanced guide-ships and saw everything, were designedly sent out of the way. They were Lord Cochrane's most important witnesses, and would have fearlessly substantiated every charge against the commander-in-chief.

B. O'Meara gives the following opinion of Napoleon on this affair: "I said it was declared by a distinguished naval officer, whom I named, and who was well known to him, that if Cochrane had been properly supported, he would have destroyed the whole of the French ships." "He could not only have destroyed them," replied Napoleon, "but he might and would have taken them, had your admiral supported him as he ought to have done." Lord Cochrane received some consolation, from the consideration that only eight months had elapsed since one of the greatest generals of the age had been foiled like himself, (by an incompetent senior officer), when on the point of complete success. The same ministers that, in 1809, provided a Gambier to prevent Cochrane from carrying into effect the destruction of every French ship in the Basque roads, provided also, in 1808, a Burrard to prevent the Duke of Wellington from annihilating the French army after the battle of Vimeira.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, having defeated Laborde at Rolica, now prepared to give another striking proof that British troops are invincible, if the government

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of England would only have the mercy and honesty to place them under able leaders. Sir Harry Burrard arrived on the morning of the 21st of August, to supersede the victorious general, but he very properly declined assuming the command, and forbore to interfere in the dispositions already made for the approaching contest. When, however, the battle of Vimeira was won, and the broken French army commenced a confused retreat, the aged and irresolute Burrard would not allow Sir Arthur to pursue the retiring foe, but he compelled the conqueror to suspend his operations. The French, to their great astonishment and joy, were allowed by the new commander-in-chief to rally, and make good their retreat to the admirable position of Torres Vedras. In a letter addressed to the Duke of York after this battle, Sir Arthur Wellesley said: "I think if General Hill's brigade and the advanced guard had moved forward, the enemy would have been cut off from Torres Vedras, and we should have been at Lisbon before him, if indeed any French army had remained in Portugal."

The forces of the Peninsula patriots were the theme of praise and astonishment in the mouths of ministers, when asking Parliament for funds to arm, clothe, and support them. But our aid, and Spanish gratitude and assistance, very much resembled the case of the Irish rebels and their French dupes. Their levies were de-

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scribed as a grand army, arranged under three divisions, and comprising one hundred and fifty thousand men. But if we take a peep behind the scenes at the Portuguese, who were vastly superior to the Spaniards, we can readily account for the easy victories obtained by the disciplined armies of Napoleon.

Lisbon is thus described by an English resident in January, 1809:—"The streets, the squares, the quays, were lined with ranks of volunteers, whose arms, equipments, and movements, were various. The greater proportion carried pikes, some were armed with fowling pieces, some with bayonets screwed on poles, some with small swords, daggers, and pistols. The assortment of the men was as various as their arms; the tall and the short, the lean and the corpulent, the old man and the stripling, stood side by side. At the word of command, some turned to the right and others to the left; some parts of the line advanced, while others remained stationary."

Because the enemy was not at their gates, the Portuguese uttered the most absurd rhodomontades, and every man, with a weapon in his hand, had performed with it a thousand deeds of heroism. Not merely what they were going to do, but what they had already done against the common enemies of Europe, was the topic of their discourses. They had gained, in conjunction with their English allies, the battle of

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Vimeira; and lest there should be any doubt of these facts, an engraving of the victory was to be found in every shop window. This represented the dreadful Portuguese charging the enemy, and bearing away at least one half of the triumph. It is difficult to say which was the greater hardship upon the brave army which gained that battle; to be stopped in the career of victory by General Burrard, or to be caricatured by such associates.

However, the martial spirit that was aroused soon proved beneficial to the British general; and in process of time there was added to our small army an auxiliary force of thirty thousand Portuguese, who had been trained admirably under Marshal Beresford. As for the Spaniards, they were good for nothing except in guerilla warfare, which they carried on successfully in their mountains, and forests, and deserts. Spain, though ostensibly in Napoleon's power, was throughout armed against him; and the inhabitants, who dare not confront the French in open fight, reaped their fierce revenge on hundreds by private assassination. It was dangerous for either couriers or officers to move about without an escort; and even the towns garrisoned by the French were often the scenes of midnight murder.

The following singular occurrence took place at this period:—A young officer, on going to join his regiment, took up his residence for the night at an inn

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at St. Sebastian. He was conducted, by the obsequious host, into an elegant bedroom, and his baggage was deposited on the floor. The landlord wished the Frenchman a good night and retired, when a little spaniel belonging to the latter began to bark round the room, smelling at every corner of it with great apparent anxiety. This excited at first only the curiosity of his master, but, as the animal became more and more restless, his curiosity was soon changed into suspicion. The officer resolved, therefore, not to lie down, but to be upon the watch all night. About two o'clock in the morning his dog gave a low growl, and he heard a strange rustling of the bed-curtains. Upon looking towards the head of the bed from whence the noise came, he saw two tall, fierce-looking men come from between the curtains and the wall.

One of them had a rope, with a noose on it, for the purpose of strangling him, and the other was armed with a long poniard and carried a dark lantern. The officer stood at the bottom of the bed, unseen, and held a loaded pistol in each hand. He immediately discharged one of them, and killed the nearest assassin on the spot; the other, in attempting to return through the aperture in the wall by which he had entered, was mortally wounded by the discharge of the second pistol. The Frenchman then opened the window and called loudly for help, when some friendly soldiers near at



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hand heard him and rushed into the house. The landlord was immediately seized and put in irons, and the wounded accomplice lived long enough to confess his guilt. He also related the particulars of several murders that had been perpetrated in the very room in which the gallant young soldier inflicted such a just punishment upon the two Spanish ruffians.

In open fight the French generals often beat the Spaniards in the astonishing proportion of tens against hundreds of the latter boasting cowards. At the passage of the Somosierra, in November, 1808, twelve thousand of the Spanish regular troops and sixteen pieces of artillery, under General St. Juan, were planted in the neck of the narrow pass. They could sweep the road along the whole ascent of the mountain, which was exceedingly steep and favorable for the defence. The infantry, clothed and armed by England, were placed right and left in lines one above another, and entrenchments made in the open parts strengthened the whole position. Napoleon rode into the mouth of the pass to survey his trembling foes, and contemptuously ordered a regiment of Polish lancers to disperse them. As these horsemen advanced, the Spanish infantry fired and fled towards the summit of the causeway; and the Poles, cutting down the frightened gunners, took the batteries and turned them on their

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opponents. The whole Spanish army now gave way without offering the slightest resistance, abandoning their arms, ammunition, and baggage to a few squadrons of French cavalry.

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## CHAPTER IX.

The Walcheren Expedition—Captain Richardson commands the Brigade of Seamen on Shore—Lord Chatham's Incapacity and Indolence—Captain Richardson's Battery of 24-pounders—Race on the Flanders Mare—Capture of Six Cannon by Sailors—Richardson appointed to the Semiramis, 36—He intercepts the French Admiral's Claret—Gallant Exploit in the River Gironde—The Portsmouth Harbour master falls into the Dock and is saved by Captain Richardson—The Semiramis paid off at Portsmouth—The Captain retires for a time from the Service, and purchases an Estate in Yorkshire.

A.D. 1809 TO 1814.

NAPOLEON finding the port of Antwerp not deep enough to float a large line-of-battle ship, with her stores on board, obliged his brother Louis to cede Flushing. By this the emperor became entire master of the Scheldt, and possessed a capacious harbour, in which twenty sail of the line could lie in perfect readiness for sea. Such a dangerous acquisition attracted the attention of Great Britain, and preparations began to be made early in May, 1809, for a very large and formidable expedition. Its objects were the capture and destruction of the enemy's ships, either building at Antwerp and Flushing or afloat in the Scheldt;

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also the reduction of the island of Walcheren, and filling the river with obstructions, so as to render it no longer navigable for ships of war.

Towards the end of July upwards of forty thousand troops were collected, supported by the powerful aid of thirty-seven sail of the line. Four-fifths of the ships had their lower deck guns out, and their main hold prepared for the reception of horses. In addition, there were two fifty-gun ships and three forty-four's, twenty-four frigates, thirty brigs and sloops, five bomb-vessels, one hundred and twenty cutters and gun-boats, accompanied by four hundred transports. The nation had not witnessed so numerous a body of soldiers, marines, and sailors assembled for any purpose before, and the number of the whole amounted to about one hundred thousand men. Although the government endeavoured to keep the precise object of this expedition a profound secret, yet, long before it sailed, the point of attack was known to our enemies, and the object on which it was directed appeared in the French newspapers. The expectations of the English were raised to the highest pitch; and, while the fleet lay in the Downs, it was a spectacle grateful to the pride and flattering to the hopes of the beholders. Dover, Deal, Ramsgate, and Margate were full of visitors, who came to see the sailing of this great armament.

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The ministers felt so certain of obtaining their object with such an overwhelming force, that the command was confided to the Earl of Chatham, a man whose very name was proverbial for weakness, irresolution, and inactivity. When this injudicious selection of a commander-in-chief was announced, the nation no longer looked forward to the result with any confidence or hope. The appointment excited greater surprise and indignation because Lord Chatham's habits of indolence and self-indulgence were such that, during the administration of his brother, Mr. Pitt, it had been found necessary to remove him from the admiralty. In soliciting this command, the earl was not roused from his habitual state of torpor by a passion for glory, but he trusted that this appointment might be attended or followed by results that would greatly augment his embarrassed fortune. It was openly stated at the time, that a reluctance on the part of the ministry, to employ such an incapable commander, was overcome by court influence, since it was not desired that any reflections should be cast on the two failures of a royal duke by the brilliant success of an able and energetic general. The naval part of the expedition was placed under the orders of Sir Richard Strachan, who hoisted his flag in the Venerable, 74, having on board Lord Chatham and his staff.

On the 28th and 29th the armament sailed in two

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divisions. The right anchored in the Roompot, when Lieutenant-General Sir J. Hope's division was directed to proceed up the East Scheldt, with a view to further operations. The left wing of the army, under Lieutenant-General Sir Eyre Coote, particularly destined for the attack against Walcheren, arrived on the morning of the 30th. The wind continuing to blow from the westward, it became expedient, in order to effect a landing, to carry the whole fleet through the Veer Gat, hitherto considered impracticable for ships. This being accomplished, the troops disembarked about a mile westward of Fort der Haak without opposition, as the firing from the mortar and gun vessels had completely driven the enemy from their batteries. Twelve of the French cannons were found spiked in the fort, when John Skinner, a private in the first regiment of Foot Guards, applied to his commanding officer to allow him permission to make an attempt to work the spikes out. Having made himself a tool, he commenced his task, and with the assistance of some sand, he completely accomplished his object of unspiking them. This was considered such a meritorious act, that the Duke of York, the colonel of the regiment, gave directions for a die to be cast, in order that an appropriate medal might be presented to him on his return to England.

From Der Haak the flotilla proceeded, under the direction of Sir H. Popham, to the town of Veer, which

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had strong defences, and a garrison of six hundred men. On the 31st the British opened a cannonade upon the town and fort, which mounted thirty-eight guns. The fire was continued with mutual spirit until evening, when, owing to the tide, the vessels were obliged to fall back, having sustained a loss of three gun-boats sunk by shot. Captain Richardson, of the Cæsar, 80, although the junior post-captain in the fleet, had been selected, on account of his experience and distinguished services on shore, to command the brigade of seamen attached to the army. He was very busy getting his guns into position, when the flotilla retired; and the town, feeling safe on the sea quarter, did not apprehend any further molestation that night.

Suddenly, however, a loud report was heard, and a flight of congreve rockets, aided by an unceasing cannonade, compelled the commander to surrender and capitulate. The advance of the brigade, under Richardson's command, towards Flushing, is thus described in his own words to Rear-Admiral Otway:

"*East Zouburg, before Flushing.*

"SIR,

"On the 30th ult. I landed with the army on the sand-hills, near the signal-post, in the island of Walcheren. On the 31st the officers and seamen under my orders were composed of three divisions, having charge of nine pieces of

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ordnance, which were drawn and worked by them. At eight a.m. we took post before Veer, and joined in the attack of that place, throwing several cases of rockets into it with good effect. During the night a flag of truce was received, and the terms of capitulation agreed to and signed by General Fraser and myself. On the 1st of August the troops quitted Veer, on their way to Fort Ramekens, when we were constantly employed in the construction of works and drawing heavy cannon, until it also capitulated on the 2nd at night. The detachment then proceeded to East Zouburg, and were employed day and night in cutting fascines, erecting batteries, and drawing heavy ordnance unto them, the artillery horses, being found inadequate to perform that service, from the narrow roads, darkness of the night, and difficulty of driving clear of the ditches into which they had thrown several 24-pounder guns and carriages. This important duty, from the heavy rains and soft muddy soil, was attended with the greatest difficulty and fatigue.

"I have the honor to be, &c.

"CHARLES RICHARDSON."

Early on the morning of the 31st, a deputation from Middleburg, from whence the garrison had been withdrawn into Flushing, having arrived in camp, terms of capitulation were agreed upon. Lord Chatham was pleased with the town, and determined to proceed no further, but to make it his head quarters. It was very convenient for receiving his constant supply of turtle, venison, and other London luxuries, without which he was miserable. His chief occupation was eating and

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drinking, and taking quantities of physic to counteract the effects of his excesses at table.

Lieutenant-General Lord Paget, with a sufficient force to capture Flushing, moved forward on the 1st of August. He invested it, and had some severe skirmishes with the enemy, while taking up his position at West Zouburg. A detachment, consisting of eighty-four men of the 35th Regiment attacked and defeated a body of French. During the contest, Sergeant Thorn dealt destruction around him, and actually killed and wounded twelve French soldiers by his own personal prowess. At length he fell, being bayonetted in the thigh, and having a bullet through his body. When the French retreated, the captain desired Thorn to be conveyed to the hospital, but the gallant fellow refused, saying, "He should soon be no more, and should die contented, as he had done his duty." The officer left him, as he thought dying, having to retire before a superior force, and returned to the British camp. On the surrender of Flushing, in searching the hospital for the British wounded prisoners, poor Thorn was discovered sitting upon his straw mattrass almost recovered. The account he gave was: "that on his companions retiring, some French soldiers humanely took him up and conveyed him into the town, where he remained until the surrender of that place."

The island of Cadsand, opposite Flushing, the only

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place from whence the French and Dutch could receive supplies or reinforcements, was left unoccupied by the British. Advantage was soon taken of Lord Chatham's neglect, and, on the 4th of August, three thousand troops passed over from Cadsand to the beleaguered city. Though the attack was, as might be expected, ultimately successful, the army experienced great impediments in its progress by the inattention and want of vigor from the commander-in-chief. His directions were of a most contradictory nature; his whole time was spent in self-indulgence, and neither officers nor soldiers in the various departments knew what to do. Sir Richard Strachan had passed the Western Scheldt, and had the fleet ready to advance towards Antwerp, then quite unprepared to resist them; and the army, not employed against Flushing, expected daily orders to proceed on the expedition. But not the slightest notice was taken of the most important object of the enterprise, and every further movement was postponed until the island of Walcheren was totally subdued.

Thus, when each hour was precious, eighty thousand soldiers and sailors were detained during the siege of a town of no great strength. On the 12th of August, the batteries and trenches were completed, and Sir Richard Strachan prepared to co-operate with the army in the premeditated attack the next day. This able officer, who exerted himself in every way possible to

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make up for the general's supineness, was now met by a serious difficulty. The enemy, having cut the dyke to the right of the town, all the water within Walcheren was spoilt by the inundation, and there was not more in the adjoining islands than was necessary for the subsistence of the inhabitants. The admiral immediately dispatched the Monmouth and Agincourt to England for water, and earnestly intreated that other means might be adopted for supplying the army and navy from home.

Lieutenant-General Sir Eyre Coote had assigned to Captain Richardson six 24-pounders, which he proceeded to plant in advance of the other batteries, and only six hundred yards distant from the fortifications. As the country was inundated, he was obliged to conduct his proceedings on the bank of a broad and deep dyke, where his men were safe from a sally, but annoyed by a constant fire from the ramparts. Towards the evening of the 12th, having got his guns into position, the captain rode back to make his report to the general, mounted on a long-tailed, heavy Flanders mare, that had been captured at Middleburg. Doubtless she belonged to some honest burgher, who, on market days, patronised a Flushing hostelry, where the stable was as popular with the steed as the tempting tap-room proved to be with the rider. On crossing the road that led from one town to the other, the mare pricked

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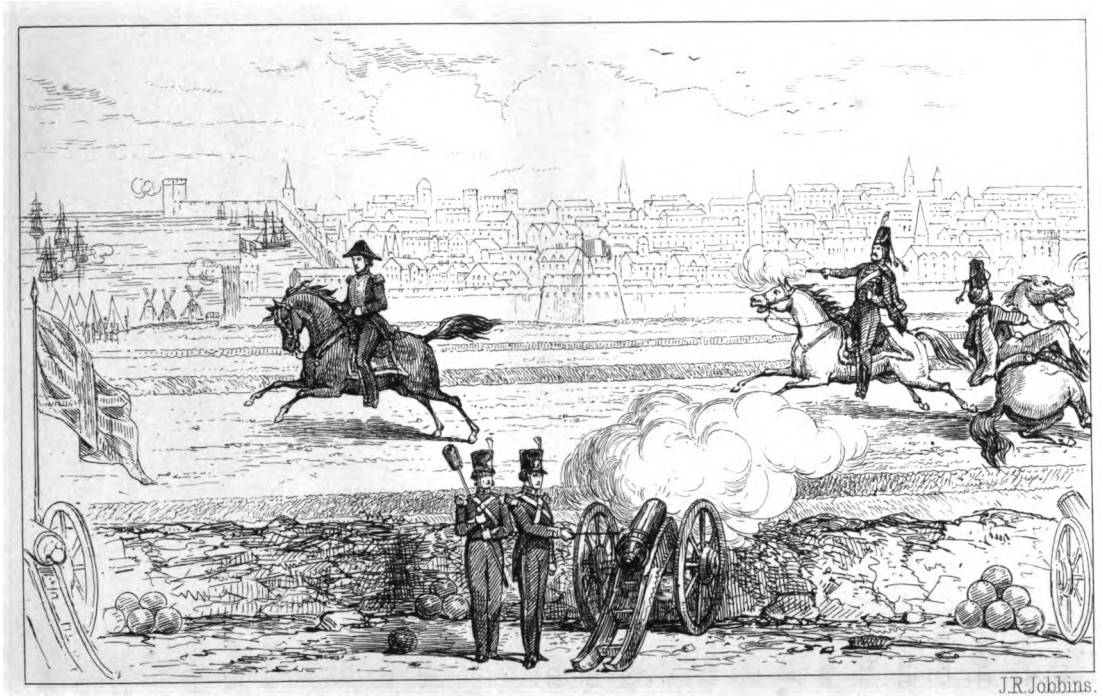


"But scarcely had he Maggie rallied.
When out the hellish legion sallied." P. 189.

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up her ears, and instantly saw a chance of escape from bad forage and the heavy 24-pounders. With a neigh and snort away she bolted, and her hoofs clattered on the paved highway as she dashed onward through fire and smoke, carrying the astonished and powerless officer straight into the jaws of his foes. Richardson sat his runaway mare well, and inwardly blessed Sir Francis Wood and the Badsworth hounds for the lesson he had received in his memorable contest with the tea captain.

The guard at the gate, seeing a British officer charging at full gallop, concluded that a regiment of cavalry was behind him, and shouted to the sentinels:

"Up, drawbridge!
Let the portcullis fall!"

And so it did, just in time to prevent the Flanders mare dashing with her helpless prey into the city. Immediately the mistake was perceived, and a volley from the soldiers made the mare wheel round, and the sudden change of position nearly capsized her burden. However, by clinging to the mane and saddle he contrived to get righted again:

"But scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied."

For over the lowered drawbridge a squadron of cavalry

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rapidly passed in vain pursuit after the affrighted quadruped and biped, scouring away over the stones to Middleburg. At length all parties were checked by the British lines, when the French were received with grape-shot, and the captain with the congratulations and cheers of his brother officers.

After this narrow escape, the uninjured man returned to his battery, and he had scarcely been there ten minutes before a shower of balls was poured into it, and two or three men fell close to him, from the unexpected fire. It was at once evident, that taking advantage of the low ground on the opposite side of the dyke, the enemy had stealthily brought forward and placed some guns so as entirely to command and rake his position. Picking out five-and-twenty of his best sailors, and ordering the others to immediate shelter, Richardson ran up the dyke until it narrowed, and they were able to get over. It being dusk, the enraged tars came unobserved upon six 12-pounders, which were upon the point of firing again. The Cæsar's men, with a shout, sprang at them; and Captain Richardson exclaiming, "Ize Yorkshire, too!" cut down the French officer in command, while the cutlasses and pistols of the seamen speedily killed or dispersed the artillerymen. Ropes were attached to the captured guns, and they were triumphantly hauled across the dyke by the delighted sailors to the British side. After

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Flushing surrendered, the commander-in-chief presented these trophies to Captain Richardson, who brought them home in the Cæsar.

On the 13th, the frigates and smaller vessels having taken their respective stations, the bombardment commenced. The gun and bomb vessels, under the direction of Captain Cockburn, of the Belleisle, and Captain Owen, of the Clyde, were most judiciously placed at the east and west end of the town. This squadron kept up a destructive cannonade, and threw its shells with the greatest precision, setting the nearest houses in a blaze. At the same time, fifty-two pieces of heavy ordnance, under Sir Eyre Coote, on the land side, vomited forth their deadly contents. In addition to these, there was Captain Richardson's battery in advance, of 24-pounders, which commanded a part of the town where the inhabitants had crowded together, in hopes of escaping from the fast falling shells of the shipping. The soldiers fired their cannon singly, as fast as they could load, but Captain Richardson, when acting on shore, always preferred the sea method of making an impression, and his sailors only discharged broadsides, which did great execution amongst the dense masses, at six hundred yards distance.

In a work entitled "Letters from Flushing," by an officer of the 81st Regiment, its effects are thus described :—"Of the batteries which chiefly distinguished

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themselves in the bombardment, one of them, commanded by Captain Richardson, of the Cæsar, astonished us all. It consisted of six 24-pounders and played on the enemy incessantly, and every discharge seemed to be followed by a vast crash and ruin in the town. I must observe, by the way, that the seamen are all engineers, and manage their batteries as well, I had almost said better, than any of our artillery officers. They fire their batteries by broadsides, and the reports of the individual pieces are seldom distinguishable. They always play, moreover, against a certain point until they have demolished it: their six-gun-battery invariably went off as if only one gun."

The wind would not allow the ships of the line to weigh when the batteries opened their fire, but it proved more favorable the following day, and Sir Richard Strachan proceeded in the Domingo, together with the Blake, Repulse, Victorious, Denmark, Audacious, and Venerable. Ranging up along the sea line of defences they anchored, and kept up a tremendous cannonade on the devoted town, which suffered dreadfully, especially from the congreve rockets. About four in the afternoon the garrison ceased firing, and General Coote sent in a summons and desired the admiral to cease hostilities. General Monnet returned in answer to this demand that he would reply in an

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hour, but a considerable time beyond this elapsed without any message. The bombardment, therefore, recommenced at night, and was kept up, without intermission, until two in the morning of the 15th, when the French commander capitulated, on the basis of the garrison becoming prisoners of war.

The following is the report of Captain Richardson to the admiral, dated August 16, 1809:

"SIR,

"On the 12th, General Sir Eyre Coote honored me with the command of a new work marked out for six 24-pounders. We made every possible exertion to complete it under a galling fire from the enemy's ramparts, distant only six hundred yards; and during the day four men were killed and one wounded in the battery. At sunrise on the 14th we opened a most destructive fire on the rampart and town in front of us, and in two hours every gun we could bear upon was silent. Our fire was kept up incessantly until about seven o'clock in the evening, when I received an order to cease firing, as did all the other works. We immediately put the battery in a state for renewing the fire if found necessary; and at nine we opened again, by order, with still greater effect. We continued our fire until two o'clock, when we were desired to cease, the French general having agreed to capitulate.

"I have the honor to be, &c.,

"CHARLES RICHARDSON."

The commander-in-chief, in his dispatch to Downing-street, dated "Head-quarters, Middleburg," observed:



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"I must here beg to express my strong sense of the constant and cordial co-operation of the navy on all occasions, and my warmest acknowledgments are particularly due to Captain Richardson, of the Cæsar, commanding the brigade of seamen landed with the army."

After signing the articles of capitulation, a detachment of the Royals and the 71st Highlanders took possession of the gates of Flushing. It was arranged that the captured troops should march out the next morning at ten o'clock, and be embarked as speedily as possible. A considerable number of the garrison were killed, and upwards of one thousand wounded men were transported to Cadsand, previous to the complete investment of the town. The British lost, including both services, one hundred and twelve killed and five hundred wounded.

As Middleburg was only five miles distant, it was supposed that Lord Chatham would for once make an exertion, and contrive to be at Flushing by ten on the 16th. There between four and five thousand prisoners, who had made a brave resistance against an overwhelming force, were ordered to assemble and await his arrival under their present degrading circumstances. But the selfish, luxurious general would not sacrifice one moment of slothfulness to do an act of courtesy and justice to the vanquished, who were, however, con-

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soled by finding that their conquerors were as great sufferers as themselves, from the contemptuous and inconsiderate treatment of the commander-in-chief. The British were drawn up in arms, and exposed, as well as the French, for two hours, to pouring rain, until, at twelve o'clock, Chatham condescended to make his appearance.

The sailors, not having their tongues under the same discipline as the soldiers, kept up the spirits of both friends and foes by sundry jokes on the well-known habits of their general: "He is firing a broad-side into the champagne," said one, "to screw up his courage to face the French at last."

"No," answered another; "he took so much turtle in ballast last night, that he can only sail slowly this morning."

"Wrong, again," exclaimed a third tar; "for he is a bottomless Pitt that can swallow anything!"

A French author, speaking of Lord Chatham at that period, said: "Ses compatriotes lui on faite le reproche de s'etre occupè presque exclusivement de sa santè et du soin d'avoir de bon boillon de tortue, au lieu de se livrer aux détails de l'expedition qui lui était confieé."

During the time that his lordship was taking his ease at Middleburg, a very numerous French army had assembled in the neighbourhood of Antwerp. The forts of the Scheldt were well manned, and every other

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preparation made for opposing the British forces. An immense quantity of naval stores, deposited in the arsenal, were removed, and the ships were conveyed so high up the river as to be out of our power, in case of a successful attempt to force a passage. The general still remained at his head-quarters after the capture of Flushing, and his indecision occasioned great perplexity among the military and naval officers. At length Sir Richard Strachan told Lord Chatham that he was determined to have decided information as to his intentions. His lordship, being compelled to give an answer, replied, "That the siege of Antwerp was impracticable, and that no advantage could result from any minor operation."

The commander-in-chief, with the greater number of the troops, returned to England on the 14th of September, leaving eight thousand men on the sick list, and ten thousand more to keep possession of Walcheren. A fever, generated by the prevalence of marsh miasmata during the autumnal season, produced all the horrors and havoc of a pestilence, and the average number of deaths in our army was from two to three hundred a week. This appalling calamity demanded the immediate evacuation of the ill-fated and dearly-bought conquest. But the English ministry were deterred from adopting that necessary measure by the Emperor of Austria, who was secretly

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negociating peace with the ruler of France. This request was said to have been dictated by Bonaparte himself, who beheld a fine army destroyed in Walcheren, without risk or trouble, which might have seasonably reinforced the British armies in Spain.

At last, on the 23rd of December, 1809, the remnant of the cruelly-treated British army evacuated Walcheren. This expedition cost England twenty millions sterling, imposing a burthen of one million of annual taxes. Had even a part of the forces and means wasted on this unfortunate affair been placed under the able command of the Duke of Wellington, the long-protracted war in the peninsula might at that period have been brought to a close. The failure of Lord Chatham called forth the disputes of the British cabinet into an act of hostility. A duel took place between Lord Castlereagh, secretary for the colonial department, and Mr. Canning, secretary for foreign affairs, when they both appeared as reckless of their own lives as they had proved careless of the lives of our brave soldiers. The first fire was without effect; and as neither combatant would explain nor apologise, they fired at each other a second time, when Mr. Canning received his antagonist's bullet in his right thigh.

Captain Richardson returned with the fleet from the Scheldt, and early in 1810 he was ordered to Lisbon,

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where he exchanged from the Cæsar into the Semiramis, 36. While cruising on the enemy's coast, he intercepted their mail packet, and, on searching the bags, he found a letter from the father of the French admiral to his son, who commanded the fleet in Brest harbour. The epistle stated that on a certain evening the writer (who was a wine merchant) would send a small vessel from Bourdeaux with a plentiful supply of claret, and that the craft would carry false colors. Captain Richardson knew that it would not be advisable to give chase with the frigate; besides he was averse to run the slightest risk of shedding blood for the sake of the wine. He, therefore, called his men together, and told them of the information contained in the letter, promising to reward well those who would volunteer to man the boats towards dusk, and get between the sloop and the shore. At the appointed time they started, and lay in ambush until the vessel came within reach, when the armed boats pulled swiftly alongside, and she was instantly captured. Richardson found a larger stock of claret than he could possibly require; he, therefore, released the vessel, and sent a part of the freight to the French admiral. The intercepted letter was also forwarded, and Captain Richardson added a postscript to it, expressing his "grateful acknowledgments to his venerable parent at Bourdeaux, for the obliging and acceptable present of claret." This so enraged the French admiral,

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that he would not take the wine, but sent it back with a note, in which he vowed vengeance against the commander of the Semiramis.

On the 24th of August, 1811, being at the mouth of the river Gironde, Captain Richardson undertook a very daring and hazardous enterprise, in company with Captain W. Ferris, of the Diana. Perceiving four sail of vessels under convoy of a national brig-of-war, on the outside of the shoals, the English captains disguised their ships so well, that pilots were sent to their aid on the supposition that they were French. These men were compelled to render the proper assistance, and brought them safely to anchor between the light-house and Royan roads. The batteries had allowed them to pass; and the captain of the port, M. Dubourg, who commanded one of the brigs, came on board, and was not undeceived until he had ascended the quarter-deck, and found himself a prisoner. Armed boats were dispatched to capture or destroy the convoy, then laying about four miles distant up the river; and Captain Ferris laid the outer brig on board, and cutting her cables, towed her out of gun-shot, and succeeded in taking her without loss on either side. She proved to be the late English gun-brig, Teazer, mounting twelve 18-pound carronades, and two long 18-pounders, commanded by M. Papineau, with a complement of eighty-five men. The batteries now opened their fire

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upon the ships, while Captain Richardson, of the Semiramis, pursued the national brig Pluvier, of sixteen guns and one hundred and thirty-six men, and burnt her under the cannon of the Royan battery. The captured merchantmen were all brought out, and the attack was terminated with complete success, and without any loss on the part of the British frigates. Captain Richardson received the thanks of the admiralty for the "peculiar neatness," to use the terms of Mr. Percival, with which they had conducted the business.

After this the Semiramis made numerous captures, and during the space of three years many valuable prizes fell to the daring courage and activity of Captain Richardson. Amongst others was the grand Jean Bart, privateer, 14 guns, and one hundred and six men. This vessel made a spirited resistance, as she was loaded with booty of every description, and proved a rich acquisition. The frigate returned to England in August, 1814; and on the Semiramis coming into dock at Portsmouth, the harbour-master objected to a large captain's barge, which was slung alongside, being admitted with the ship. Richardson would not allow it to be removed, and the functionary of the port called out for his men and the guard to enforce the general orders on this point. The captain stood on the edge of the dock, urging his crew to oppose the authorities, and a slight struggle ensued between the opposite parties.

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The harbour-master, intent on assisting his people to stop the progress of the vessel, slipped into the deep channel of the lock, and disappeared, amidst general consternation. The author of this accident, throwing down his cocked hat, plunged head foremost into the water. Catching his sinking opponent by the heel of his Wellington boot, he brought him to the surface, and seized a rope that was lowered to them. Two or three sailors now came to the assistance of their commander, and the two dripping men were no sooner on the dock side again, than the master, clasping the hand of his deliverer, said: "Captain Richardson, I must yield to you now; enter with your ship as you please."

On the 4th of April, 1814, Napoleon abdicated for himself and his heirs the thrones of France and Italy. A treaty was signed on the 11th, according to which the island of Elba was to be held by him in full sovereignty, with an annual revenue of two million of francs. Thus ended a series of campaigns, in which the British army, under the masterly guidance of the Duke of Wellington, confronted and defeated the legions of Bonaparte in their career of conquest. All the arrangements for a general peace having been concluded, the Semiramis was paid off at Portsmouth on the 29th of August. Captain Richardson was shortly after nominated a companion of the bath, for his meritorious conduct during a period of more than twenty-six years, passed in active

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service at sea, and co-operation with troops on shore in every quarter of the globe.

Richardson expected a long peace after the fall of Bonaparte, and from the amount of prize money that fell to his share, he was enabled to live independently. He, therefore, determined to settle quietly in the country, and purchased a farm of rather more than a hundred acres, in the East-Riding of Yorkshire. His Westmorland cottage was too small for his increased means, and both the climate and neighbourhood were very uninviting, except for a few months in summer. But the main inducement for changing his place of residence, arose from the proximity of his new purchase to the estates of his great friend Sir Francis Wood. Here the baronet had a pretty shooting box, where he spent some months of the year on his extensive property, which abounded with game of all descriptions. The captain's first step was to build a good substantial house, and he selected an excellent site, sheltered by hills and wood. It looked upon the neat parish church and the small village of Kirkby Underdale, which was just visible through the trees that intervened. Here building, planting, and draining, made the captain forget the sea and its attractions, and he passed nearly five years in his hospitable mansion at Painsthorp, before he was roused to further naval services.

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## CHAPTER X.

Admiral Blackwood appoints Mr. Richardson Captain of the Leander, 60—Ceylon Wild Elephants—Captain Richardson takes the Command of the Topaze, 46, in China—Deadly Fray between Seamen and Natives—The Chinese demand a Sailor for Execution — Consequences of a refusal—Captain Richardson silences the Forts of Bocca Tigris, and disperses the Imperial Fleet—The brave Admiral of the Celestials floored by his own Pigtail—Captain Richardson returns home invalided—He becomes a Rear-Admiral and is Knighted—Decease of Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Richardson, K.C.B.

A.D. 1819 to 1822.

ADMIRAL Sir Henry Blackwood, who had been Richardson's captain in the Penelope, was appointed in July, 1819, commander-in-chief on the East India station. Sir Henry immediately wrote a most flattering letter to Painsthorp, offering his former lieutenant the post of captain on board his flag-ship, the Leander, 60. On the 29th of July, Captain Richardson was gazetted to that fine ship, and proceeded to Portsmouth to lay in stores, and make arrangements for a long absence. Although a perfect sailor, the same compliment cannot be paid to his knowledge of housekeeping; for on leaving home he could not be prevailed upon to put

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any one into the premises. But he packed up his linen, household goods, and furniture; then he locked the door, and left them in a lonely house to take care of themselves. So soon as the dark nights in December set in, some thieves forced open a shutter and carried away a cart-load of linen and other things which were so conveniently packed for removing. The success of this wholesale theft led to many minor depredations, until his friends ventured to locate a labourer in the mansion.

After the Leander had been at sea a few weeks, the cholera broke out on board, and numbers of the men, besides some of the officers, fell victims to that dreadful pestilence before the ship reached Ceylon. The Leander remained here some weeks, and during that time a curious circumstance occurred, which is thus narrated in the words of Captain Richardson himself:

"In Trincomalée harbour, in the island of Ceylon, there is a long straggling village, with the huts composed of bamboos, having, for the sake of privacy, an evergreen hedge between the road and the row of cottages. This road leads to the fort built at the extremity of the peninsula, for the defence of the entrance of the harbour. One day a drove of about twenty wild elephants approached the village, and such was the consternation and fear amongst its inhabitants, that all fled from their huts. The women had barely time to snatch

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up their children, and take them in their arms, and some were abandoned on the road to enable the poor mothers to effect their own escape. Two stately elephants, male and female, led the van; the rest, of all sizes and ages, quietly walked two and two after them. On the oldest elephant coming up to one of the little infants, he very cautiously and gently took it up at the end of his proboscis, and lifted it over the hedge, carefully placing it in the hut opposite.

"The elephants passed the village, and coming to the gate of the fortress, which was open, they entered before the sentinel on duty could alarm the guard. The soldiers retreated to the tower above the gateway, and the sensible animals peaceably proceeded along the ramparts, examining curiously the beautiful brass pieces there mounted. The leader halted before a large gun, and first he pulled out the tompion, then, introducing his proboscis, he extracted the wad, and then ingeniously brought out the shot, neither of which he could make much of. Next came the charge of powder, which seemed to him to have neither taste or smell; therefore he scattered it to the winds. After collecting his troop, and looking over the ramparts on the open fen, he led them back the way they came and retreated towards the country. On their way they came to a villa belonging to Lieutenant Ellis, and, finding themselves hungry, the old elephant reconnoi-

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tered a grove of cocoa-nut trees. Having ascertained which tree bore fruit, he formed his troop in a line, and ran first at the tree, shaking it violently, then, taking hold of it, pushed it to the two next pair. Having thus found out the weak side, he formed his line afresh for another charge and very soon broke down the tree, when, after feasting on its fruit, they quietly returned to the jungle."

On the demise of Captain J. Lumley, on the 30th of July, 1821, Captain Richardson, at the request of Admiral Blackwood, consented to take the command of the Topaze, 46, and proceed with her from Pulo Penang to China, where the presence of an experienced and determined officer was required, as the Chinese were inclined to be extremely insolent towards foreign ships. On arriving at Canton he found the natives very overbearing, from a recent triumph they had obtained over the American consul, — a foreign sailor under that flag being given up for the alleged murder of a woman, and, after a mock trial, was cruelly put to death. The facts were these:

A seaman, a native of Italy, acting as second officer on board an American vessel, observing a woman hand some samsoo (spirits) into one of the ports of the ship, threw a small stone jar at her, which struck her on the temple. The woman retreated in a great hurry, and, in consequence of the pin on which the oar was

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fastened breaking on her pulling away from the ship, she fell overboard and immediately sunk. She was found the next morning, at some distance from the vessel, with a small wound, as the Chinese asserted, on one of her temples; but this was stated by the Americans to have been made by the Chinese after she was found drowned. The family of the woman threatened to represent the alleged murder to the authorities at Canton, and to demand that the murderer should be given up for trial. At the same time, they let the accused understand that all would be hushed up if the Americans would pay four hundred dollars. This was refused; and the mandarins were informed of the charge, who immediately demanded the man, and all trade with the American ships in the river was stopped.

At length it was agreed that the man should be surrendered for his trial at Canton; and he was, accordingly, strongly ironed and taken out of the ship by a party of Chinese soldiers. During the mock trial that ensued, not an American, nor any other person on the man's part, was allowed to attend the proceedings. On the fourth day after this event, some Chinese soldiers entered the room and took him into a place, where the first intimation he had of his cruel fate was the appearance of the executioner, and the implements of death before him, in a square surrounded

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with spectators. He uttered a cry of despair; raised his hands to heaven; protested his innocence; and implored permission to see an European or American. No attention was paid to his prayer; and the executioner proceeded to strangle him, according to the horrid manner in use by the Chinese. Ropes were first tied round his ancles and wrists, and then gradually round the more vital and sensible parts, and finally round the neck, until he expired by a languishing and excruciating death. His body was the next day given up to the American consul, who treated the murder with the greatest indifference, as it instantly opened the trade to his countrymen.

The insolence of the Chinese to Europeans of every country was much increased by this transaction; and Captain Richardson was seriously afraid lest some fray should happen between them and the English sailors, whose hatred towards the natives was deep and bitter after the execution of the Italian. The Topaze, 46, was anchored off Lintin, when it was discovered that the men who obtained leave to go on shore and wash their clothes invariably returned to the ship with intoxicating liquors. This was quite a riddle to the officers, as there were no houses nearer than those composing a village at the distance of one mile from the beach. On making a strict inquiry, it was discovered that the cunning Chinamen brought down to

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the shore, during the night, cases of samsoo and buried them in the sand, marking the place where the forbidden fruit was deposited. The washing party secreted the spirits among their clothes, and left the money for payment where the goods had been concealed. To stop these disorganizing proceedings, Captain Richardson sent a junior officer with the men on their next obtaining leave to land. He was ordered to search and seize all the samsoo he could find, and, after doing this, the spirits were poured into the sea and no money left to pay for them.

This act created a spirit of revenge amongst the venders, who determined to gratify it on the first favorable opportunity, and they enlisted a considerable number of their countrymen to assist them in their plans. Richardson had, a short time previously, purchased a large quantity of hams in Canton for the ship's stores, and, knowing the Chinese to be great rogues, every barrel was opened before coming on board, and the state of the provisions on the top examined. Feeling, afterwards, a little suspicious respecting the quality of the hams placed underneath the others, he had one barrel opened. On turning them out all appeared exactly alike, but, on handling them, the greater part proved to be only exquisite imitations in painted wood. The cheated officer felt very angry at his bad bargain, and, having some go-



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vernment business with the authorities at Canton, he determined to proceed thither directly, and try if the Chinese law courts would not compel the dishonest dealer to fulfil his contract.

During his absence on these matters, a midshipman, with a party of fourteen unarmed men, were sent on shore to procure water. While employed in doing so, upwards of three hundred Chinese, armed with thick bamboo bludgeons and knives, issued from the village and drove the sailors from their occupation, pursuing them to the water's edge. The helpless seamen were here seized by their numerous foes, who, throwing them on their backs, proceeded to break their ribs and fracture their joints in the same manner in which malefactors are tortured in China. The gallant middy drew his dirk and wounded several of his opponents, when one cowardly wretch, crawling under the legs of his comrades, severed the officer's great toe with a knife, and mangled his foot in a shocking manner. All of them would have been speedily murdered had not Lieutenant Hamilton, the officer in command, seen what was transacting on shore. He instantly ordered the boats to be manned, and, at the same time, fired a broadside from the Topaze, which killed one and wounded five of the assailants. The natives, surprised and frightened at this unexpected retribution, left their victims, and quickly took to their heels when they

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beheld additional numbers of seamen landing to support their companions.

Out the tars dashed, sword in hand, before the boats touched the ground, and, maddened by the sight of their messmates groaning, and writhing in pain from the tortures inflicted upon them, there arose one simultaneous cry for vengeance. In vain the officers endeavoured to restrain them as they rushed after the retreating enemy, who had taken shelter in the village. The place was soon stormed and wrapped in flames, and every male capable of taking a part in the outrage was cut down or shot by the furious sailors. Such a daring attack on a large village, and the slaughter of so many men, lashed the country people into a complete phrenzy, which spread like wildfire to the population and higher mandarins at Canton. In one compact mass, filling the long narrow streets with their multitude, the excited people proceeded to the governor's residence. On their arrival there they demanded the person of the commander of the Topaze to be delivered up to them for immediate punishment, as they well knew he was within the city.

Captain Richardson, quite unconscious of the disturbance, was proceeding, attended by two sailors, to the Hall of Audience, when a friendly Hong merchant hastily made known to him the reason of the ferment. His deliverer pulled him, at the same time, out of the

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crowd into an adjoining house, and pointed out a way of escape for him to the British factory over the flat roofs of the buildings. This was accomplished unseen by those below, since shops lined the sides of the main streets in Canton, and an unbroken range of piazza protected the occupants of the houses, as well as foot-passengers, from the rays of the sun. On reaching a place of temporary safety, the object of general pursuit learned, from the alarmed merchants, the details of what had occurred; and he was urged to proceed in his flight, lest the knowledge of his place of concealment should bring into peril the factories. It was growing dusk, and they placed at his disposal a small trading vessel that was going down the river. The two sailors were disguised as natives, and Richardson was concealed under some canvas.

While avoiding the proximity of a war-junk the vessel ran on a sand-bank, and, as there was no probability of getting her off before morning, the captain and his men ventured to run the gauntlet in a small boat. The dreaded forts of Bocca Tigris, bristling with cannon, were hung all over with lighted lanterns, which cast such a glare that the sentinels did not perceive the light skiff that glided beneath them; and, after hard rowing, Captain Richardson was joyfully welcomed by his anxious crew. Richardson at once saw the serious turn this affair was sure to take, and

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he might have avoided the consequences by sailing away from the station. But he had been sent there to protect the British honor and interests, and he was determined to perform his duty so long as the frigate remained above water. Before the morning he had made every arrangement for the worst that could possibly happen. His cannon were loaded — the decks cleared for action — the officers and men had received their instructions in case of a sudden attack; and the junks and boats in the river were warned not to approach the vessel within a certain distance.

At Canton, the second city in the celestial empire and capital of two very important provinces, nothing but uproar and confusion prevailed. The population is one particularly turbulent and excitable, always ready to let loose upon a flying foe, but they soon shrink from a steadfast opponent. The imperial commissioner and governor possessed all those arts of dissimulation and cunning by which the Chinese overreach, without force, European plenipotentiaries. On this occasion his first move was to make out a case in which the sailors should be exhibited as the aggressors. A false statement of the pretended grievance was drawn up, declaring: "That the frigate had sent parties on shore to cut brooms; that this invasion of private property was resented by the poor owners, when the ship fired at them and killed an innocent man." No mention

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was made of the attack on the village, as the Chinese authorities considered that the sacrifice of one English sailor would satisfy the popular feeling, and that Captain Richardson would not hesitate to follow the recent example of the Americans.

On the 13th of December the governor of Canton demanded that one of the crew of the frigate should be delivered up to atone, by his death, for the man who had been slain. This was peremptorily, yet calmly, refused by "the English Richardson's ship of war," as the Topaze was styled by the Chinese. In consequence of this firmness, an edict was issued the following day, prohibiting all trade with England. Commercial people and resident agents were ordered to leave the country immediately, only allowing the ships six months' provisions, which were to depart without their cargoes. On the 4th of January, 1822, all the company's treasure was shipped at Canton, and British subjects were recommended by the frightened merchants to quit. The East Indiamen (Windsor and Farquharson) were dispatched to Macao to afford shelter and protection to those who choose to embark. The president of the factory hauled down the British flag at Canton, and, accompanied by the merchantmen, proceeded to Whampoa. They anchored at the second bar, where they formed a select committee, and began to show a little more spirit.

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The viceroy now tried another device to kidnap one of Richardson's seamen. He sent a mandarin, with an offer to collect the Chinese present at the affray, and give the English an opportunity of selecting those by whom any of them were wounded. On the other hand, it was required that one of the British crew should be given up for trial at Canton. The mandarin was received with the respect his rank deserved by the captain; and, although he received a positive refusal to his demand, yet the polite treatment he experienced on board the vessel, and the means of defence and attack that met his eye, created a better feeling and more awe towards "the English Richardson's ship." The same night an attempt was made to cut the cables of the Topaze; but the vigilance of the watch detected the design, and a few well-directed shots quickly dispersed the boats.

Matters had now assumed a most serious appearance; and it was the opinion of those charged with the management of the negociations, that no amicable adjustment could take place. The merchantmen had anchored close around the frigate for the sake of protection, and her captain had directed the various crews to mount all their serviceable cannon. The ships were placed in the best possible state of defence, and awaited the Chinese war-junks, which were collecting in great numbers. The viceroy, loath to commence hostilities

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without feeling certain of success, now devised a plan which his council considered would enable him with certainty to dictate their own terms. Through the medium of the Hong merchants, he persuaded the committee that negociations would be more readily carried on nearer Canton, and they were invited to proceed past the forts of Bocca Tigris. Here they would be conveniently placed between the batteries on both sides, with the whole Chinese fleet in their rear. On the 13th of January all the ships weighed, ready cleared for action, under the command of Richardson, who expected an immediate collision.

The Topaze, with England's victorious flag waving with the breeze in proud defiance, led the van. Every man was ready and eager at his post; for the captain would put no faith in the promise of the viceroy, that the squadron should not be molested in their change of anchorage. So soon as the frigate got within range of the forts they opened their fire upon her, and the war-junks that had got close behind did the same.

> "'Bring to. The war shall hand to hand be tried.
> Oppose thou to the foe our ample side,
> And let us meet like men.' The chieftain said;
> The ready master the command obey'd,
> And sidelong to the foe the ship was laid."

In a second the British ship of war was enveloped

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in the smoke of her well-directed broadsides, which speedily silenced the batteries and dispersed all the celestial fleet, with the exception of the admiral's vessel.

The commander-in-chief was in such a dilemma that he neither ran away nor advanced; for, on the one hand, he had been promised, by the paternal ruler he served, the unpleasant sensation of a tight-rope twisted round his neck unless he engaged the "barbarian" Richardson. On the other side the prospect was not much more flattering; for the guns of that barbarian would probably send his soul to Confucius rather sooner than agreeable, unless he followed the example of his puissant captains and vice-admirals. His doubts were, however, soon terminated by the Topaze running close alongside, with her men ready at their guns to pour in a broadside, which must have committed great slaughter in a huge vessel crowded with soldiers and sailors.

Horrified at the sight of his immediate danger, the high-admiral of the celestials fled to the cabin stairs with a piercing scream. In his mortal haste that great commander was tripped up by his long pigtail, which caused him to throw a most undignified somerset as he dived headlong downwards, while his yellow slippers, flying in the air, caught the eye of Richardson. This ridiculous spectacle converted the captain's ire at

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Chinese treachery into laughter, and restored his good humor. He stopped the men from firing, and the boarders (who stood ready, with pike and cutlass, to make a dash so soon as the frigate grappled with her foe) were desired to take peaceable possession of the war-junk. The Chinese troops and sailors, expecting destruction from the threatened attack at close quarters, let themselves down, by ropes, over the opposite side of their vessel, — not supposing that the balls would pass through, — and there they hung like strings of sausages in the shop of a pork-butcher. Many jumped into the Tigris, being all of them adepts at swimming, while others followed their chief's example and took refuge below.

In the meantime the dreaded tars, with loud cheers, had gained possession of the deck, and amused themselves by cutting the ropes, and watching the men attached to them fall into the water. The officers went down to the admiral's cabin, expecting to find his skull cracked by his untoward upset; but after a time they found that gallant naval character quite sound in body and limb concealed behind a beautiful cabinet. He was pulled out by the legs with some difficulty, and repaid, with sundry kicks, the kind intentions of those who were striving to emancipate him from his voluntary imprisonment. When finally released, he was taken on board the Topaze and treated

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in a most friendly manner While there the case of the first outrage was explained, and also Captain Richardson's determination not to be guided by an American example. After a short detention he was set at liberty, on the condition of using his best endeavors to bring about an amicable termination of the rupture.

After this trial of strength, the negociations proceeded in a more friendly and reasonable manner, and further hostilities ceased. The viceroy, alarmed at such energy and determination, and terrified at finding a barbarian ship-of-war master of the river, readily acceded to the demand for peace without any submission on our part. By an edict, dated the 20th of February, our trade was re established on a more honorable basis than before, and remained so for years, until the nervousness and incapacity of a British naval officer produced a protracted war. Blackwood remarks:—"At Canton, where the most unflinching firmness was called for, our conduct has been eminently vacillating and indecisive. How incessant and gross were the insults we brooked until war was at last declared to avenge them. And when retribution appeared at hand, in 1841, and Lord Gough had taken up his position on the heights commanding Canton, we accepted a ransom for the only offending city of the empire, and withdrew our forces to desolate innocent and distant provinces."

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At the end of February the Topaze departed from China and returned to India, where Richardson rejoined the Leander, as captain, on the 23rd of May. His health had suffered severely from the anxiety of mind produced during his recent struggle against the cunning stratagems of the Chinese; while his perplexities had been greatly augmented by the secret enmity and misrepresentations of the European merchants, who could not imagine that the life of a common sailor was to be placed in the balance against the stoppage of so important a trade.

On the 14th of October, 1822, Captain Richardson was considered in such a dangerous state, that he was obliged to invalid at the Cape of Good Hope. He was put on shore in a violent fever and taken to a hotel, where, during a state of delirium, he was robbed of his money, public papers, and everything of value in his possession. In this forlorn and friendless condition, when he felt forsaken by all, his situation attracted the notice and attention of a good Samaritan. This was a Mr. G——, an army surgeon of great skill, who took the invalid under his especial care, and enabled him, in a few months, to return, with a shattered frame, to his native land.

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A.D. 1822 TO 1850.

The naval services of Sir Charles Richardson terminated in the year 1822; and it is not my intention to follow his steps through the quiet scenes of country retirement, where the past was always the theme of his conversation. The sense of having gone through so many perils and trials with courage, honor, and honesty, sweetened the few troubles of life that fell to his lot. He was strongly attached to the charms of rural life, and his days passed tranquil and serene, with scarcely any other vicissitudes than those of the seasons, until they closed at a mature age. Gilbert White, of Selborne, could not surpass him in the study of nature and the habits of the animal creation; and the following extract from one of his letters will shew the keenness of his observation:

"In the summer, when the swallows arrived, they congregated in considerable numbers on the roof of my house, seemingly to consult whether they should or should not attempt the building of nests. It ended, however, in a certain number of couples establishing themselves, and at the appointed time they and their young ones took their departure. Soon after a number of sparrows, from a neighbouring farm-house, took

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possession of the swallows' nests, and found therein very safe and comfortable winter quarters. Next spring the swallows arrived, but found their nests occupied by the sparrows, who resolutely refused to give up possession to the swallows. One sparrow remained constantly in each nest, with its breast filling up the orifice thereof, and its head kept within and out of sight. After various conflicts, all ending against the swallows, there was a gathering of them on the roof of the house which suddenly broke up, and in a few minutes they destroyed the front of their nests and drove out the sparrows. They then repaired the nests, and, having reared their young and the time of their departure arriving, they deliberately destroyed the front of each nest, so as to make them useless to their enemies, thereby securing to themselves peaceable possession next year."

The captain had a favorite coxswain, named "Bob," who had retired from the service with a good pension and a wooden leg. He always spent some months of the year with his old commander, whose life had been saved, at the battle of Alexandria, by Bob's cutlass warding off certain death. The 1st of June, Lord Howe's victory, Camperdown on the 11th of October, and the other days which commemorated triumphs in which Sir Charles took a part, were observed with due honor. The admiral appeared in full uniform; the

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Flushing cannon were polished up, and the flag-staff in front of the house was covered with trophies taken from the enemy, while Bob thundered forth his innocent broadsides at the church steeple. The old sailor was an inimitable pattern of obedience to his commanding officer, and watched his countenance for a kind look as much as a faithful dog does that of his master. He never contradicted the admiral, but had always the same ready answer—"Yes, sir"—to whatever was said to him, although the reply was often so misplaced as to call forth the ire of the person to whom it was given. He had raised and rigged out a high mast, and half-a-dozen times in the day he might be seen hurrying up the rope-ladders, making signals, and altering the flag, at the stentorian word of command from his captain. The next minute he came down like a cat, and stumped away to the battery, where the guns came in for a share of his attention, since he considered himself part owner, from being one of the captors.

His chief employment (for Bob was never idle) was chopping sticks, and making mattresses out of coarse packing sheets and stuffing them with straw. These were distributed, by his kind-hearted master, during the winter, among the well-paid poor of the village, who received the gifts with many thanks, but sadly altered the donor's intentions; for the straw was im-

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mediately emptied into the pig-sty, and the canvas converted into scouring cloths by the wives of the labourers. These saucy dames possessed good feather beds or woollen mattresses, and despised articles that were luxuries to soldiers and sailors when enduring the hardships of war. One summer, on approaching the house at Painsthorp, I missed the sound of my old friend's chopping-bill, and no longer saw Bob seated on his accustomed log of wood. There he would gaze for a moment on the passer by with a friendly nod, and then steadily set to work again, with a low whistle, to which he beat time with his wooden leg. The tale was soon told. At seventy-five he had submissively bowed to the summons of his Maker; and without a pang he departed from the world, with the reputation of a brave, honest, and industrious man, who had adorned that sphere of life in which Providence had placed him.

On the 10th of January, 1837, Captain Richardson became a rear-admiral, and on the 29th of June, 1841, he was installed a knight companion of the bath. On that occasion, the sword, with which the Queen performed the ceremony, was accidentally forgotten, and never remembered until the moment when it was required. In this dilemma the Duke of Wellington unbuckled his own sword, and, presenting it to her Majesty, observed: "Admiral Richardson will not

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object to mine being used to confer the merited honor of knighthood!" On the 17th of December, 1847, Sir Charles Richardson was promoted to the rank of vice-admiral of the blue, and before his decease he became vice-admiral of the white. He received a war medal, in 1848, with four clasps, — viz., "First of June, 1794; Camperdown; Egypt; Basque Roads, 1809."

The friendship between Richardson and Sir Francis Wood was uninterrupted, warm, and mutual; and, in their amusing struggles for the mastery, it was completely Sir Richard Strachan and his unyielding captain over again. The sharp wit and ready repartees of Sir Francis were borne patiently and silently, with a mischievous smile, by his adversary, until he found a favorable opportunity to return the attack with interest. When past seventy, Sir Charles was thrown from his pony by attempting the thoughtless experiment of putting up an umbrella while on the animal's back. He was seriously injured by the fall, and was obliged to go to bed on returning home, but his servants could not prevail upon him to send for a medical man. The next morning he was up in good time, and, although suffering much from the accident, he ordered his gig and drove to Sir Francis Wood's, at Garrowby, about two miles distant. The baronet immediately perceived that he was very ill, and de-



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sired permission to send for the family physician, but this oft-repeated request only received a decided "No." At last, out of all patience, Sir Francis exclaimed "You shall!" and ringing the bell, ordered a groom to ride over to Pocklington for Dr. W——. In a couple of hours he was ushered into the room, and found the admiral in great pain, with his head lying on the drawing-room table.

"Dr. W——," said the baronet, with the greatest gravity, "I want to tell you what sort of a patient you have been attending for some time. You see before you a congeries of incongruity: he is the most obstinate being in the world; and everything he has done has been in direct opposition to every body else." During this speech Sir Charles raised his head and attempted to speak, but could not get in a word. "You must go to bed again," said Sir Francis. "I will not," growled the admiral. "You shall go home in my carriage directly," said Sir Francis. "I will not," answered the other. "You must take more care of yourself, Richardson." "I will not," replied the admiral, with determination. Vowing he would not go, the sufferer was placed alongside his medical attendant, who, on reaching Painsthorp, found his patient suffering from a severe internal injury.

For many years the bishop of St. David's held the living of Kirby Underdale, and that accomplished

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scholar lived on terms of the greatest friendship and intimacy with the veteran sailor. The admiral admired the unaffected piety and deep learning of the rector, while Mr. Thirlwall respected the upright and brave traits of the admiral's character. Sometimes the author of the inimitable "History of Greece" dropped his pen on the manuscript, startled by the roar of the Flushing cannon, which once or twice cracked the glass in his study window. But the interruption was forgiven, and the pen resumed with a smile, at the recollection of some anecdote connected with the event which the salute was intended to commemorate; for Mr. Thirlwall enjoyed the admiral's graphic recitals of past events, particularly the capture of De Winter. The bishop was always pleased with this story, and said, "He had heard Sir Charles tell it many times, and he thought it a good tale on the first occasion and always continued to think the same."

Long before his decease, Sir Charles cut down a favorite cherry-tree, and had it sawed into planks to make his coffin. A few days before his last illness he went to the carpenter and told him it was time to put the planks together: he afterwards led me into the church-yard and pointed out the spot where he wished to be interred. It was under a window close to his own pew, where he was always found a most attentive hearer and respectful worshipper, and showed,

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by the solemn tone of his responses, that he truly prized the precious privilege of prayer.

In 1850 he experienced a severe attack of influenza, and Dr. W—— at once pronounced that it would terminate fatally. It was thought advisable that he should be made acquainted with his situation, but none of his friends or attendants felt able to perform such a distressing task: the doctor, therefore, undertook this unpleasant service. The admiral awoke from a feverish doze, and exclaimed—"I have done my duty to my country." "It is true, Sir Charles," observed the medical man, mildly and kindly; "Alexander, Wellington, Napoleon, and you, conquered by the sword, but Christ Jesus was a greater conqueror than all." "You are right," said the patient, quickly; "I can only now rely upon Christ." From this moment his whole care was to provide oil for his lamp and prepare for eternity; and the attentive ministrations of his parish priest were received with thankfulness by the sinking officer, who calmly expired in his sleep on the 10th of November, in the eighty-second year of his age.

CHARLES HICKS, PRINTER, MARKET-PLACE, WAKEFIELD.

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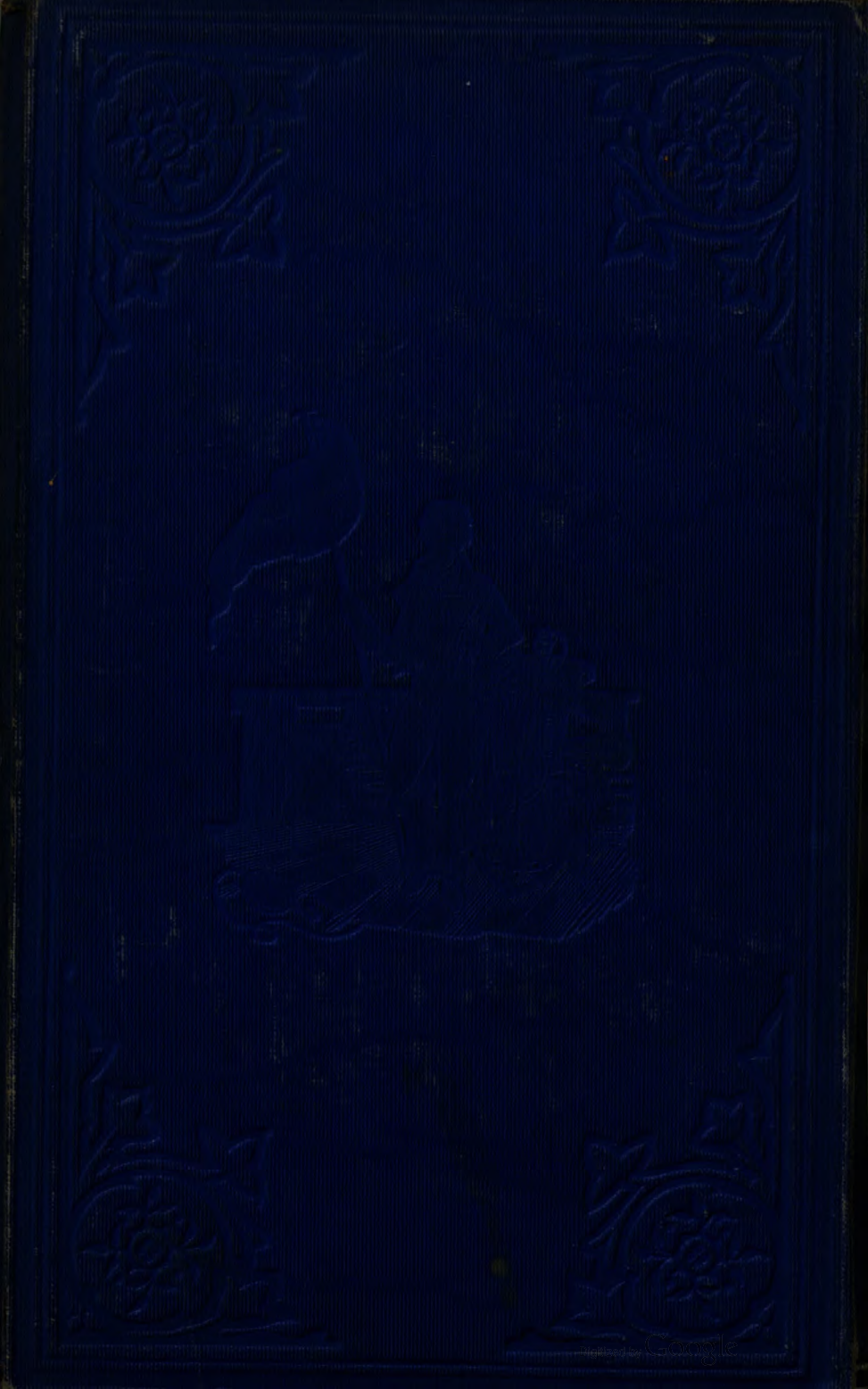
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